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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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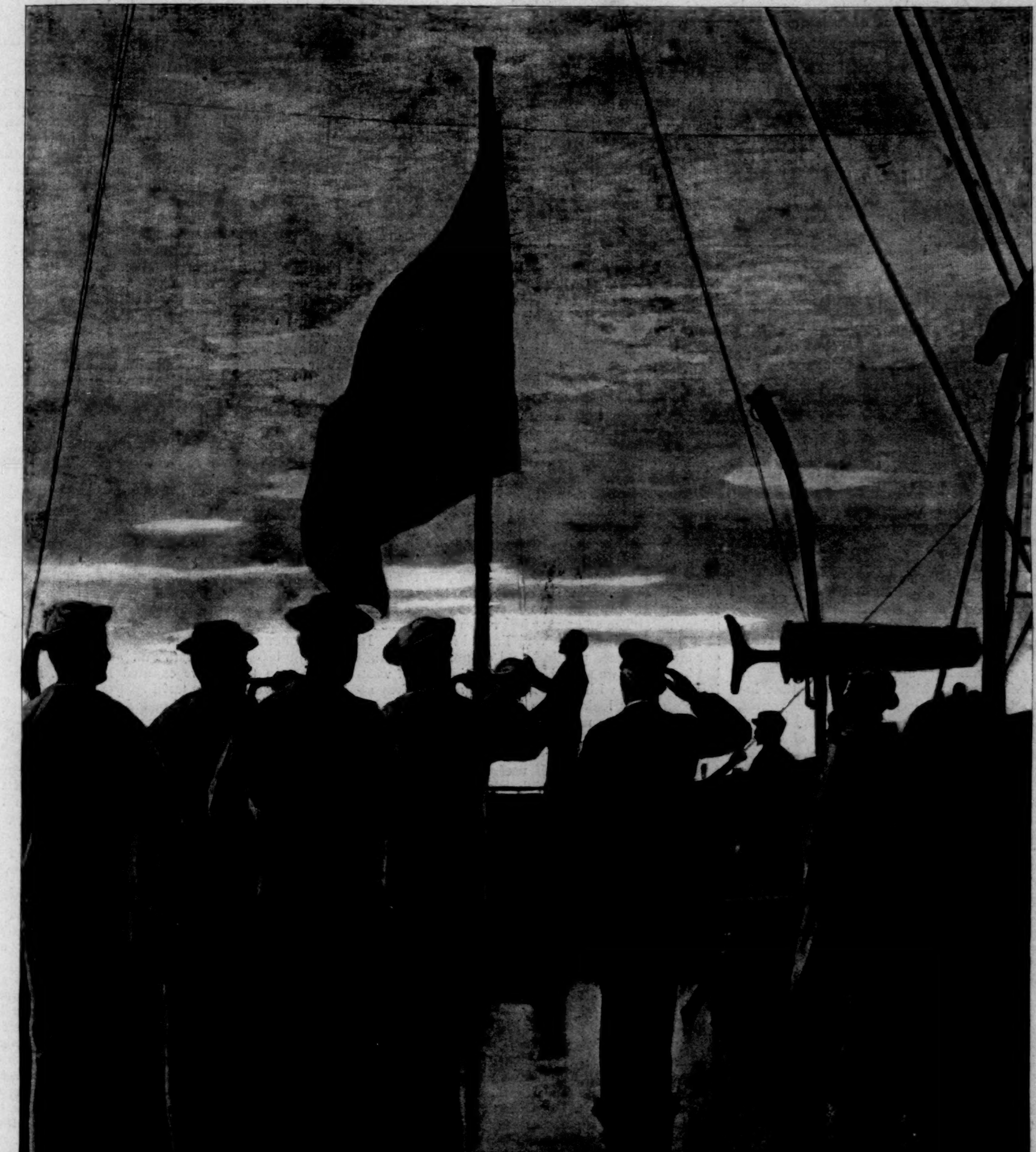

EVENING COLORS.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.
THE SUNSET CEREMONY ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR—LOWERING THE FLAG.—[SEE PAGE 823.]

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IMMIGRATION.

WE agree with the advocates of a restriction of immigration in the opinion that many of the immigrants who have come to us of late years are not of a desirable kind as one of the component elements of our population. But we believe also that the evils complained of and the dangers apprehended as springing from the influx of such undesirable immigration are very much exaggerated, and that most of the remedies proposed will prove impracticable.

The immigrants usually objected to are not those from Germany, except perhaps a few noisy anarchists among them; nor those from Ireland, except some agitators who import Irish politics into this country, and constantly strive to embroil us with Great Britain for the sake of promoting interests not American; nor those coming from France, or England, or Scotland, or Norway, or Sweden. It is generally admitted that immigrants from the countries named, who, counting in the natives of Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, and German Austria, amount, according to the census of 1890, to more than seven-ninths of our whole foreign-born population, as a general rule are industrious, thrifty, and order-loving people, and in the course of time make very good citizens. It may even be affirmed that a great many of them show a good sense and a conservative spirit which, in certain localities and under certain circumstances, are of especial service to the best interests of the republic. It is, for instance, a well-known and a significant fact that in Kansas, where the foreign-born constitute a very small fraction of the population, and the native American element is in undisputed possession of all political power, Populism, with its most extravagant follies and most lawless tendencies, is rampant, while in Wisconsin, where the foreign-born element, consisting mostly of Germans and Scandinavians, is exceptionally strong, those dangerous vagaries have never become troublesome, and even the Western silver craze has never seduced either of the two political parties into concessions to it, because both stand in fear of the steadfast sound money sentiment of the foreign-born voters. There are other similar examples.

The immigration which has served to call forth the widespread desire for restriction is mainly that from Hungary, from Italy, and from the Slavic countries—an immigration which from time to time has brought to this country large hordes of ignorant, rude, unskilled laborers. In New England there is also much shaking of heads at the influx of French Canadians, who seek employment in factories, and have begun here and there to occupy abandoned farms. This element, however, stands apart from the great mass of the objectionable immigration, for the reason that in the event of a union of Canada with this republic—an event which may sometime come to pass, and will not be called undesirable—the French Canadians would be our countrymen anyhow. As to the other classes of undesirable immigrants, we readily admit that when native Americans hear of anarchist demonstrations in the Bohemian quarters of Chicago, or of striking Hungarian coal-diggers preparing for battle with a sheriff's posse, it may well jar upon their feelings. But while such things are calculated greatly to disturb our equanimity and to excite a desire for preventive measures, we have, in order to form a correct judgment as to what is to be done, calmly to consider three things.

In the first place, who else is there here to do the work which these immigrants are doing for us? We have on former occasions called attention to the important fact that the native American is becoming more and more disinclined to do hard work with his hands. The constant migration of young men from the farms to the towns has long been observed with serious misgivings. How many native Americans are willing to do the dirt work in railway or canal building, or to dig coal, or even to serve as farm hands? But these and similar things have to be done; and if there are not native Americans to do them, then somebody else must. If we go to the bottom of the matter we shall find that these ill-favored immigrants are here because they, or at least a great many of them, are wanted to do a kind of work which other people will not do, but which must be done.

In the second place, the number of such immigrants coming to stay here is not as large as is commonly supposed. A great many of them go back to their native countries as soon as they have earned a certain amount of money, or when profitable employment here flags. It has heretofore been difficult, if not impossible, to obtain from the steamship companies accurate statistics of this reflux, but it is known to have been large. This year, owing, no doubt, to the hard times, it has been especially large—so large, indeed, during the spring and early summer that the emigration from this country very considerably exceeded the immigration. We have figures before us, believed to be correct, which show that during the month from the middle of May to the middle of June over 20,000 steerage passengers sailed from here, while only about 15,000 landed here. We are, of course, far from believing that all the emigrants from here belong to the undesirable class, or that none of them will return to this country. But it is fair to assume that a large majority of them do indeed belong to the class of foot-loose laborers who come and go as they may find more or less profitable employment, without any fixed purpose of permanent settlement in this country.

In the third place, however uncouth and unpromising those of the undesirable immigrants who do come here for permanent settlement may be in the first generation, it is a matter of experience that the assimilating forces of American life will gradually but surely transform their offspring into beings differing very little, if at all, from the common run of American citizenship. The product will, indeed, be a mixed race, with many different strains of blood. But we are that already, and the mixture is spreading more and more every day, whatever measures to restrict immigration we may adopt.

It is, indeed, difficult to see how any measure of restriction can be devised that would have the effect of excluding from our shores a large proportion of the immigration flowing in, and at the same time have the least chance of being adopted by Congress. A total suspension of immigration for a number of years, such as has been proposed, would be at once rejected by an overwhelming majority of the Senators and Representatives from the West and the South as incompatible with the interests of their States. And as soon as an attempt is made to exclude large categories of immigrants, upon the basis either of language or of possession of money, or whatever else, it will at once be found that such a measure would serve to exclude the desirable together with the undesirable; and for this reason the attempt will fail. It will inevitably turn out that no restrictive legislation can pass Congress that does not practically confine exclusion to individual cases, such as contract laborers, criminals, idiots, invalids, paupers, anarchists, and the like. Legislation of this kind may apparently be made much severer than it is at present, but the number of immigrants it will exclude will always remain very small in proportion to the whole volume of immigration. The effect may be ever so salutary as far as it goes, but it will be very limited in extent. In our circumstances, political and economic, it cannot but be so. If we are wise, we shall, instead of wasting our time with vain schemes and hopeless attempts, calmly look things in the face as they are, and make up our minds to the fact that we have to do the best we can with our immigration substantially as it comes, giving it the best possible opportunities for making itself useful, and bringing to bear upon it the best possible educational influences to keep it from doing harm. No well-informed man ignores the immense services immigration has rendered to this country in the past, and no unprejudiced man will fail to recognize that it still can do very valuable service in the future.

NEW YORK IN THE SENATE.

THE part which the State of New York has been made to play by Senators HILL and MURPHY in the effort to pass the tariff bill is most shameful. So far as the junior Senator is concerned, he may be quickly dismissed with the contempt which he has earned. By force of corruption, and of circumstances bred by corruption, he was sent to the Senate by the party which had promised to extend the commercial freedom of the country, to relieve trade of some of its shackles, to give to the farmer, who must sell in the cheapest market of the world, the opportunity to buy also in that market, to reduce the burdens of taxation, to take at least one step towards abolishing the artificial and wasting system which had retarded the prosperity of the country, and which at last threatened it with the direst distress. He went to Washington as the representative of some collar and cuff factories. He was nominally a Senator for New York; he was really Senator for some business interests in one of the small cities of the State. In order to preserve the profits of the makers of collars and cuffs he assented to a measure that will maintain high prices for the necessaries of life, and connived at the passage of a bill based on a principle hostility to which is the main reason for the existence of the party which elected him to the Senate.

New York was partly represented by this agent for collars and cuffs and partly by Senator HILL. Never before in the political history of the State, some of which has been disgraceful enough, has New York been utterly contemptible in the Federal Senate. Not a single decent citizen can question the justice of the taunts and the derisive jeers about our Senators uttered by members of the House of Representatives in answer to Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN'S eloquent protest against the acceptance of the Senate bill with its Populistic income tax.

It is unnecessary to analyze the character of Senator HILL. The people of New York know him. They have taken the measurement of his intellectual and moral stature. They have watched his intrigues and his audacious leadership of the meaner elements of the people on his way from Elmira to Albany and from Albany to Washington. They know him so well that they are prepared to believe the truth of the theory which prevails at Washington, that he is so incensed by his defeat in 1892 as to be willing to spoil the fruits of the Democratic victory. But perhaps they do not realize how he has worked for the accomplishment of that end, and how cunningly he has manœuvred for the retention of the MCKINLEY act upon the statute-books.

He has posed as the special opponent of the income tax and as the special advocate of free sugar, free coal, and free iron ore. He has even assumed a superiority as a tariff-reformer over Senator MILLS. A cursory examination of a group of facts revealed to the public by the statements of Senators GORMAN, VEST, and CAFFERY in the open Senate, by the evidence taken before the committee appointed to investigate the sugar scandal, and by Mr. HILL'S own acts, will convince fair minds that the senior Senator from New York, unlike the retail trader in treachery who is his colleague, was bent on utterly and completely routing his party and on leaving the MCKINLEY law in operation. These facts will be especially convincing when it is stated, as it is now publically for the first time, that leading lobbyists for the Sugar Trust, men who have the right to speak for it as no others have, confidently asserted, in order to force their schedule upon the administration and the Senate, that Mr. HILL would not vote for any tariff bill unless it contained a sugar schedule entirely satisfactory to the American Sugar-Refining Company.

Senator HILL'S opposition to the income tax was doubtless dictated by his knowledge of the hostility of the people of this State to that assault upon thrift. It also served his general purpose. When the tariff bill first made its appearance in the Senate the news from Washington was that Mr. HILL as well as Mr. MURPHY was opposed to the programme of the Finance Committee. The committee had decided that no hearings should be granted. The influence of the New York Senators was the other way. It was stated that both of them, acting in conjunction with Senator SMITH and others, demanded special hearings for the industries of their State. Certain it is that Mr. MURPHY had the aid of Mr. HILL in his pleadings in behalf of collars and cuffs. The tariff-reformers in the Senate counted Mr. HILL as one of the opponents of any tariff-reform measure, without regard to whether it did or did not contain the provision for an income tax.

Soon came the assurance that the combination between the Sugar Trust and the Louisiana planter Senators was strong enough to prevent the passage of any bill. Senator HILL appeared as part of that combination. He was one of the delegation that waited on the sub-committee which was preparing the bill in order to inform Senators VEST, JONES, and MILLS that the sugar schedule agreed upon by the refiners and the planters must be adopted. This was stated by Mr. VEST on the floor of the Senate. Mr. HILL did not deny that accusation, but confirmed it in every respect by pleading that he had said nothing. He sat silent while Mr. GORMAN explained to the sub-committee the demand upon which "we," including Mr. HILL, had determined.

It is idle after this for Mr. HILL to deny his connection with the Sugar-Trust Senators. Circumstances favored him, but they will not serve him perpetually. He was enabled to vote for free iron ore and free coal because he knew that those who really favored placing these raw materials on the free list had agreed to tax them in order to secure the passage of any bill. In the same way he was able to vote for free sugar, believing, besides, that with sugar on the free list the bill would be defeated by the adverse votes of the Louisiana Senators. His animus was finally established by his effort on the last days of the week before the adoption of the Senate bill by the House to indefinitely postpone all tariff legislation, and to prevent the House from withdrawing from its disagreement to the Senate amendments.

These facts, taken in connection with the boast of the Trust that Senator HILL was with them, establish the charge that his efforts to amend the bill and to hasten action were for the purpose of preserving McKinleyism, and it was that result which the Sugar Trust itself would have preferred. It is difficult to decide which of its Senators brought most disgrace upon the State of New York—the drummer for collars and cuffs or the McKinleyite trickster.

THE REVENUE LAW OF 1894.

The new revenue law, passed by the House of Representatives last week, marks a memorable epoch in the economic history of the nation. With all its grave defects and positive errors, it must be recognized as the most valuable and significant act of our government, in its exercise of the power of taxation, during this generation. The tariff of 1846 was constructed on the principle of collecting the necessary revenue while imposing the least possible burden upon all classes of the people, and without discrimination between different sets of producers. It proved so successful that the principle was confirmed, with large general reductions, in 1857, with the cordial acquiescence of the nation, and was everywhere regarded as its permanent policy. The rebellion soon impaired its credit, and the war required greater revenues than any nation had ever collected. Those classes of producers which had access to the committees of Congress seized the opportunity to demand discriminations in their favor under the name of protection to American industry, and soon gained the control of legislation. They possessed organization, concentrated wealth—which grew rapidly with the favors they obtained—and a definite and determined purpose; while the masses of the people, on whom the burdens of taxation fell, were absorbed in the mighty issues of the war, and ready to sanction any measures which promised to save the Union and sustain its credit. For thirty years the combination of beneficiaries, for whom ten times their number were taxed, seemed to grow stronger, and every change made during that time in the revenue laws was devised by them to increase their profits at the cost of the great majority. All legislation on the subject became a traffic in the powers of the government—a system of barter between cliques of particular industries, in which the privilege of levying a tax for one clique was granted in consideration of a similar privilege given to another. This system reached its culmination in the McKinley act of 1890, in which every scientific principle of public economy was defied, and taxes were imposed with hardly a pretence of regard for the interests of the people at large, but solely with a view to meeting the demands of the favored producers, so far as the needs of the Treasury and the patience of the much-suffering nation would permit.

But the greed of the protected classes had overreached itself. Each of them was an object-lesson to the people, and the voters were becoming educated by them. In 1892 the declaration of the Democratic platform that the government has no right to tax citizens for private benefit, or for any but public ends, was approved by an overwhelming majority of the people and of the States. The popular branch of Congress applied itself to the duty of giving this declaration its practical effect, and framed a bill in which, while all existing industries and semblances of vested rights were treated with proper forbearance, hundreds of unfair discriminations were removed, the public burdens were vastly diminished, and the interests of the whole people clearly recognized as the true aim of legislation. The Senate, however, has shown itself to a large extent the representative of former days—before the campaigns of education. It has spent four months in mutual bargaining over the details of the bill, its promoters making one concession after another to purchase the support even of Senators who were chosen for the purpose of tariff reform. After many changes, most of them the results of such traffic, and conceived in the interests of particular classes, places, or corporations, the bill went back to the House of Representatives, and after a long struggle, carried on through conferrees, was passed. But the Senate changes were not acceptable to the Representatives nor to the people, and were adopted only because it was now plain that private ends were able to defeat public considerations in the Senate, and that no new tariff was possible without purchasing the balance of power in that body by what are practically bribes from the public treasury. The popular House yielded, but under a protest which was in effect a denunciation of the perversion to which its work had been subjected, and a challenge to the ruling conspiracy in the Senate. It passed with the general bill four others, each of them abolishing one important tax which had been inserted at the dictation of a class of importers and for their benefit. This action has been ridiculed as a mere protest, without a prospect of practical effect. But there are times when a protest is of high value, and at this time it was worth to the country more than the politicians or the press seem to understand. Whatever its immediate influence on legislation, or even if it have none, it shows that the representatives of the people regard the power of taxation as a public trust, and not as a means of rewarding or purchasing the favor of a class. The issue between the two Houses is clearly drawn—the one standing for a survival of the unjust and corrupt system which the nation has determined to overthrow; the other, which, with the President, still truly represents the triumphant party of reform, standing for the principles confirmed in 1892 by its triumph.

It is proper now to consider the good and the bad features of the new tax law, and thus to justify our assertion of its value. And first, it must be insisted that there are three serious defects in it, as a revenue measure, which go far to counterbalance the benefits it will confer. The income tax is a weak and timid piece of class legislation, passed largely as a concession to local and to socialistic prejudices. Its application to corporate profits will inevitably work great injustice and excite much bad feeling. No adequate provision is made for enforcing it upon private incomes, and this part of the law will doubtless disappoint its projectors by its very small productiveness. The worst of the system is the stimulus it gives to the wild clamor of the Populists against capital, and against the respect for vested rights which makes the accumulation of wealth possible, together with the demoralization among tax-payers which is always the result of an income tax, even when most efficiently collected. It will expire by limitation after five years, but we confidently expect its repeal before the returns for the third year are made. In its present form it will satisfy nobody and cannot be permanent. It must either be extended and fortified with far more elaborate machinery for enforcement, or wholly abandoned. Doubtless a strong effort will be made to impose a far heavier tax on large incomes, in order to conciliate the socialistic voters, but the people at large can be trusted not to resort to confiscation. Meanwhile the income tax is a heavy blot on the fair promise of the law.

Less important, only because it is a transient evil, in the speedy removal of which public opinion is resolved throughout the land, is the series of concessions made in the law to rich monopolies. The chief and type of these, the great Sugar-Refining Company, has secured, through a band of Senators who seem to be its agents, an indirect but real grant of the moneys of the people, the mere hope of which has in six months added fourteen millions of dollars to the market value of its stock. The methods by which the known will of the nation has been defeated in this respect, and the men who have lent themselves to the service of monopoly against the people, are known and will not be forgotten. But meanwhile the discrimination it grants to the Sugar Company against every family in the land is a second blot upon the law.

But its worst feature is that in the final revision of it by a small and secret group of Senators, and even in the discussion of that revision in the open Senate, the principal considerations adduced for changes were always the interests of special classes of producers, and not those of the whole people. The constant effort was to secure votes by granting favors. This recurrence to the methods by which protective tariffs are made, on the part of men charged by the nation with the one duty of reforming such legislation in behalf of the people, has been humiliating and discouraging to every friend of reform. But the contrast between their duty and their achievement has been so conspicuous that it will strengthen immeasurably the position of those who insist that pure and just revenue legislation is impossible so long as a vestige of discrimination in favor of private interests is tolerated by Congress or by public opinion. The protective system itself, root and branch, is at war with honest government and the people's rights. But meanwhile its hold upon the Senate, as expressed by the revision that body has made of the new tariff, remains a blot upon the repute and the moral and political influence of the law.

It is more pleasant to turn to the other side and ask what has been gained by its enactment. And here an inquiry into its details would be of interest if our space permitted. But for the present we must be content with a few general remarks, which will be more than sustained by a minute examination. In the first place, the law has made certain the replenishment of the Treasury, and removed all risk of a further increase in the permanent national debt. Again, it insures the cheapening, to a substantial extent, of a multitude of the necessaries and comforts of life, reducing the cost of living for every household, without weakening the resources of the government. Clothing of every description, cloths, dress goods, blankets, and carpets will be cheaper and better everywhere for its passage. Imported food, woods and lumber, china and glass ware, pocket-knives and table-knives, nearly all the completed goods the use of which is so large a part of civilized life, together with the materials of which they are made, share in the large reductions of duty. These changes alone will certainly, within a few months, make every man's daily earnings more valuable to him than now. But they will do far more than this. They will do much to revive depressed industry and to restore general prosperity. A pretence is made by a few manufacturers of anticipated distress from the reduction of certain protective duties, but for this we can find no foundation in the law. Even the exorbitant profits of certain forced and petted industries, which never could have existed without artificial subsidies, at the general cost, have been treated tenderly. But enough has been done to give a real and important help to those industries which are not and cannot be fostered by taxation, and which must always constitute by far the greater part of the economical activity of any community. Thus the law in all its parts will itself be a continual object-lesson to the voters, teaching them that the imposition of needless taxes can never benefit the people as a whole, but that every removal of them is a national boon.

But the brightest feature of this tariff is found in the fact that it is a turning-point in the history of our economic legislation. It signalizes the final stage in the most costly experiment ever tried by a peaceful nation. For an entire generation of men this country has continued to apply the doctrines of an unscientific, narrow, provincial school of economists, who teach that a people can enrich themselves by diverting their energies from more to less productive industries, by taxing, hampering, and discouraging those activities for which their soil, climate, and abilities are adapted, and fostering those which are unnatural to them. As all economists of world-wide repute have taught from the first, such an effort must fail, and the semblance of success can only be maintained as long as the taxes and discriminations the system requires continue to grow heavier. Accordingly, tariff after tariff has been passed in successive years, each more burdensome and more unjust than its predecessor, until in the McKinley law of 1890 the protective system reached its culmination, and broke down. The experiment has failed. In the new law the nation has turned its face towards justice, towards economical truth, towards lasting prosperity, towards ultimate freedom of trade; and the movement henceforth will be in that direction.

THE GOVERNORSHIP.

Republicans and Democrats are both discussing candidates for the Gubernatorial nomination. It is significant that while Republican candidates are numerous, no Democrat seems to be willing to compete with Governor Flower for the doubtful honor of leading his party in the coming campaign. It is common consent that the Republicans will carry the State this year, and even Governor Flower is reported to have said that no Democratic candidate can be elected. Assuming that this practically universal belief is true, nevertheless the problem presented to the people of the State is not so simple as it would seem to be from the mere presentation of the chances of a contest between straight party candidates.

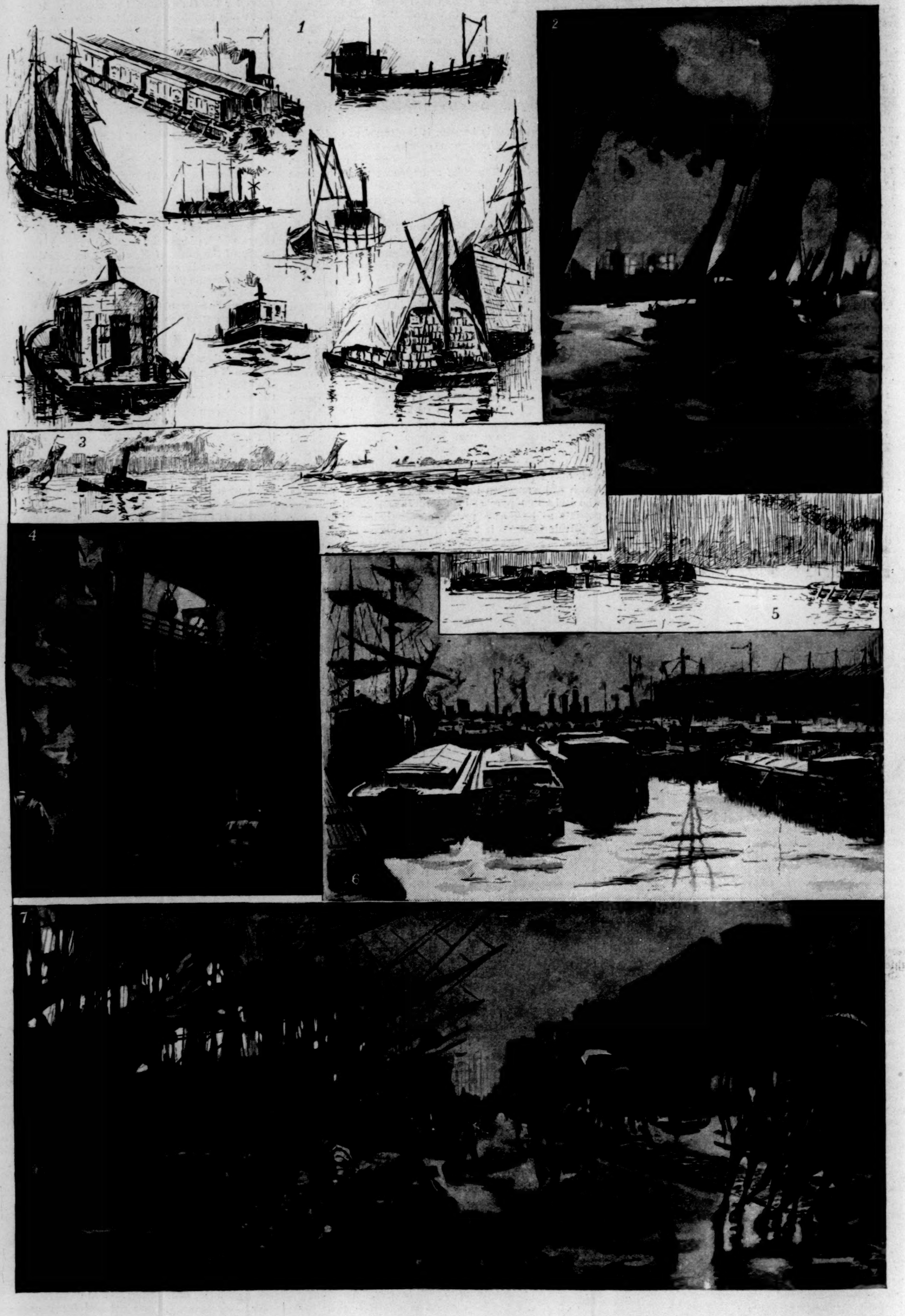
The government of the State is at its lowest ebb. Last winter the session at Albany was a long wrangle between the Governor and the Legislature for party advantage, except for the efforts made to effect and carry out deals and trades for the profit of the politicians of both sides. Republicans as well as Democrats are responsible for this state of things, which comes from machine government. When the people of the State of New York exercised some control over their parties they demanded that their candidates for Governor should be men of character and position—the first men of the State. But in these latter days of machine rule small men, who would have never aspired to the Governorship a generation ago, and who certainly would never have been thought of for that office by others, have come to the front.

While, therefore, the machines are considering their chances of the election, and are assuming that the Republican ticket will be successful, the people who are not politicians, and who are thinking at all on this vital subject, are considering quite another problem. They are eager to break the machines. Opinion on this subject is better crystallized in the Democratic than in the Republican party, owing to special circumstances arising primarily from the Snap Convention held in 1892 in the interest of Hill. The history of that convention, and of the events which followed, shows how easy it is for the machine to defeat both its own purpose and its own party, and how hostile its objects are to the interests of those on whom it depends for votes. It is because that convention was held that not only is the Democratic party threatened with defeat, but the desirability of bringing about that defeat has been made clear to some of the most loyal Democrats in the State.

The machine that called and held the Snap Convention; that insisted on attempting to deceive the National Convention by the false declaration that Mr. Cleveland could not carry New York; that preferred Hill; that made Murphy a Senator; that nominated Flower for Governor and Maynard for Judge of the Court of Appeals—is still in control of the Democratic party. Assuming that Flower is the weakest and most thoroughly characteristic candidate whom it can nominate, it is desirable that he shall be the candidate. No more logical candidate, no candidate whose defeat will mean so much, can be thought of, unless Murphy himself, adopting the reasoning which induces him to favor Croker as a candidate for Mayor of this city, can be persuaded to represent his cause and his State Committee.

If Flower shall be nominated, the State Democracy will be compelled, from respect for themselves and for the principles they profess, to nominate a Democrat whose character and ability make him a proper candidate for Governor. If they do this, there will be one more reason to expect Republican success. Nevertheless, with all the chances in their favor, with the bad record of Flower and the machine, and with Democratic divisions working in their behalf, it will be well for the Republicans to deserve success from the character of their nominations.

Their own machine is no more above reproach than the Democratic machine. As between Murphy and Platt there is very little to choose. The stupid tool of the Democratic bosses who sits in the executive chair is no more a public enemy than the Republican leader who is willing to bargain with Croker to maintain corruption in this city so long as there may be a bipartisan division of its loot. Good citizens prefer to see them both go down in a common and overwhelming disaster. If the Republican machine is to dominate the Republican Convention, the interests of good government will be greatly furthered by a third candidate for whom all good citizens may vote; but if the insanity of national politics must govern in State affairs, there ought to be four tickets in the field. This probably cannot be brought about, and it is possible that the Republican nomination may not be dictated by Platt, or at least that it may not be of a Platt Republican. But if Platt's power is supreme, and if the Republican candidate is a match for Flower, morally and intellectually, there is no certainty at all that the Democrats will be defeated. The voters of this State are very wide awake this year. They do not want to defeat Flower because he is a Democrat, but because he is unfit to be Governor, and because he is the fruitage of the Murphy machine. They want to elect a man who will do honor to the office, and who is an enemy of the Democratic machine and of all autocratic machines. Under such circumstances, it is quite within the possibilities that the State Democracy candidate, if he is a man of high character and great abilities, will defeat both the machines. At all events, it will be well for the Republican party to reckon with this contingency, and to do its best. It has an opportunity such as it has not had for many years, and which will be many years in coming again if it is not improved now, of rendering a service to the State. It may take the first step towards restoring the old traditions of the Governorship, and it may give to the State an Executive and legislators who will undo the wrongs of recent years, and will work some needed reforms in State and municipal government.



RANDOM SKETCHES OF THE NEW YORK HARBOR TRAFFIC.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 831.]

1. Old Boats of the Transfer Service. 2. Taking Advantage of the Tide. 3. Garbage-Scows. 4. Steamer at a Storehouse Dock. 5. Coal-Barges. 6. Canal-Boats in the Basin. 7. Crafts of All Nations.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

"A HOSTAGE TO FORTUNE."

A MONTH later, a week after his marriage, Matt Strang journeyed to Cobequid to see his folks and bid them farewell before leaving for Europe. Rosina was not with him; she was not anxious to make the acquaintance of his family, and as he was anxious she should not hear about his mother, he was amply content. He had written the news home, and had promised to run down before making his second voyage in search of Art. He alighted from the coach at Cobequid Village, overwhelmed with emotion, resolved to walk the rest of the way towards the joyous *rencontre* with his brothers and sisters; he wished to note each familiar landmark—the fields, the farms, the stores, the little meeting-house, all the beloved features of the spacious scattered wooden metropolis of his childhood. It was almost noon, and the landscape, seen through the waves of hot air rising from the soil, quivered in the heat. The white farm-houses glittered; the paint of the verandas bulged out; the wooden spire of the meeting-house pointed piously to a heaven of stainless blue. In the farm-yards the fowls lolled prostrate on their sides with open mouths and drooping wings, their tongues protruding, their eyes closed, their legs every now and then uneasily stirring up the dust under their wings; the cattle and horses stood deep in pools under the trees. The bumblebees droned sleepily about the wild roses of the way-side or buzzed among the white-weed and yellow buttercups and dandelions that mottled the hay-fields. The red squirrels chattered on the spruces as they sat shelling cones, their tails curved over their backs; the woodpeckers tapped on the hollow stubs; the blue-jays screamed among the branches; a hawk circled tranquilly upwards to a speck, then sailed softly downwards, with motionless wings outspread. In the fields men were hoeing potatoes, following the slow oxen that dragged the ploughs between the furrows, and heaping up the earth with leisurely monotonous movements; belated sowers of buckwheat were scattering the triangular grains with a slow, measured, hypnotic motion. In the sultry stores there was nothing doing; now and then a storekeeper in his shirt sleeves spat solemnly or drawled a lazy monosyllable. Behind a casement a slumberous old crone snuffed herself. A wagon rumbled dustily beneath the overarching trees. The far-stretching village drowsed in the sun.

High noon. The conches began sounding to call the farm hands to dinner, and every sign of labor melted away. The languor crept over the young pedestrian. A perception of the futility of ambition flooded his soul like a wave of summer sea, soft and warm and bitter. To pass through life, tranquil and obscure, amid the simplicities and sanctities of childish custom, with work and rest, with feast-day and Sunday; to walk in foot-worn ways amid the same fragrant wild flowers, to the music of the same birds, hand in hand with a daughter of the same soil, to whom every hoar usage and green meadow should be similarly dear; to carry on the chain of the quiet generations, and so pass lingeringly towards a forgotten grave amid humble kinsfolk—were not this sweeter than the trump and glare of Fame, and the ache of ambition and the loneliness of untrodden footways? He seemed to hear Mad Peggy's mocking laughter in the distance.

He moved curiously in the direction of the sounds, skirting a new barnlike building which blocked his view, and which he saw from a notice was a Baptist meeting-house, such as his mother had always yearned for; McTavit's school-house met his gaze, still standing in its field, and in the foreground a mob of boys and girls shouting and laughing with the exuberance of school-children just let out. After a moment he perceived that they were jeering and hooting somebody; then he caught a glimpse of the ungainly figure of a young man in the centre of derision, with a dozen hands playfully pulling and pushing him. The poor butt fell down, and there was a great outburst of hilarious delight. Matt's blood boiled; he ran quickly forward towards the booing juvenile crowd, which scattered a little at the sight of his flaming countenance.

"You pesky little ——!" he cried. Then his voice failed. With a flash of horror he recognized his brother Billy.

"Boo!" recommenced one of the bigger louts. "Rotgut rum!"

Matt seized the crutch which lay at the side of the prostrate drunken cripple, and described a threatening circle with it; the pack of children broke up, and made off, hooting from a safer distance.

"Billy!" he said, hoarsely, clutching the wretched young fellow by the coat collar, half to raise him, half in instinctive anger.

Returning intelligence struggled with the look of maudlin pathos on Billy's white face. The shock of the sight of his brother sobered him. He suffered himself to be lifted to his feet, then he took his crutch and moved forward, refusing further help.

"I kin walk," he said, sullenly.

The tone and accent grated on Matt's ear. But a pang of self-reproach mixed with his wrath and disgust. It was his part to have looked after Billy better.

"I didn't expect we should meet like this, Billy," he said, softly.

"You should hev come sooner," Billy retorted. "'Stead of gaddin' about all the world over enjoyin' yourself, and never comin' nigh us, not even when you were tourin' in the province with your portraits and your photographers."

"I never was near enough, and I always had to move on," he explained, gently, as he flicked the dust of the road off Billy's coat.

"Never mind my clothes; they won't spoil; they're not so fine as yours. If you're 'shamed to walk with me—"

"Don't talk like that, Billy. I'm only glad to see how well you can walk."

The brothers passed defiantly through the straggling remnants of the juvenile crowd.

"I've walked to the village," said Billy. "I'm strong enough to go anywhere a'most."

A few hoots recommenced in the rear.

"I wish you hadn't gone to the village to-day," sighed Matt.

"And why shouldn't I?" cried Billy, pricked to savagery again. "What is there for me but gettin' drunk? I got drunk on your weddin'-day—yes, I did. That was the first time. We all drank your health and your bride's, and I got drunk, and I'm glad I found out the joy of it. Why shouldn't I have some pleasure? I'll never have a bride of my own—that's certain. What girl would have me? Do you deny it? Why, even when Ruth Hailey was here, she only pitied me."

"Hadn't we better get a lift?" said Matt, gently, for a carriage was rumbling behind them.

"I've been drunk twice since the money came," pursued Billy, in dogged defiance. "It's the only way to forgit everything."

He stumped on sturdily. Beads of perspiration glistened on his white, bloodless face.

"What money came?" Matt asked, puzzled.

"The two hundred and fifty dollars you sent a couple of days before your weddin'."

"I never sent two hundred and fifty dollars," he cried.

"Didn't you?" Billy opened his large, pathetic eyes wider. "Well, now, that's funny. We wondered why you did it so curiously, and why the post-mark was Maine. We thought you were up to some fun, now you had so much money, but we allowed we'd wait till you came."

But Matt could not solve the mystery. The notes had been addressed to "The Strangs," and were accompanied by a slip of paper: "The same amount of the money due to you will be forwarded next year."

That was all the message. Matt exhausted himself in guesses. His thoughts even went back to the owners of the *Sally Bell*, imagining some tardy conscience-money in repayment of arrears due to the dead Captain. At last he concluded the remittance must have come from Madam Strang, acting through some American agent. She had discovered Herbert owed him money, and was sending him double and quadruple by way of remorse for the mistake she and her husband had made. To prevent him from returning it, she had sent it to his family, and anonymously.

Abner Preep contended that there was now no occasion for Matt to help his brothers and sisters further for the present. The subsidy was ample; more would only lead to unnecessary extravagance. Matt was not entirely pleased to find his family had no immediate need to profit by his marriage. But Billy obstinately laid claim to the money; he would travel with it; he would see the world. Unknown to Billy, Matt had already decided he must if possible take charge of the poor fellow and keep him from drink. He wrote to ask Rosina's permission to bring his crippled brother back with him, as his health needed a sea-voyage. He waited anxiously for the reply.

"I can reffuse my darling nothing," Rosina responded, with more promptitude than orthography.

"God bless you," murmured Matt, kissing the letter. "I believe I shall love you, after all."

CHAPTER XIX.

"SUCCESS."

THE studio bell had twinkled so often that afternoon that Mr. Matthew Strang refused to budge from the comfortable arm-chair in which he sat smoking his cigarette and reading *The Nineteenth Century* after the labors of the day. The model had sipped her tea, taken her silver, and was gone to resume her well-earned place among the clothed classes, and the popular painter was in no mood to open his door to the latest bell-ringer.

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Probably it was only another model to inquire if he had any work, or to apprise him of a change of address or of wardrobe; or else it was a *soi-disant* decayed artist, who had tramped all the way from Camberwell, ignorant that his old patron had moved from the studio a year ago; or mayhap it was a child. He had been much worried by children lately, since he had picked up a couple in the gutter and placed them on the "throne." The dingy court where the fortunate twain resided had been agitated from attic to cellar; the entire juvenile population had pulled his bell in quest of easy riches; mothers had quarrelled with one another over the chances of their young ones; the whole court had been torn with intestine war.

Ting-a-ting—ting-a-ting—ting—ting—ting—

The person had rung again, more ferociously. Ah, it must be that interminable Mrs. Filbert back again. Well, let her ring on, the old jade. Rather an hour of tintinnabulation than ten minutes of her tongue. Had his man been in, he might himself have been "out," but he could scarcely appear at the door and deny himself. Her shrill falsetto voice resurged in the ear of memory, offering nude photos from Paris at exorbitant prices, or lists of models full of inaccurate addresses, or rare costumes, most of which could be picked up at any old clo' shop. He smiled, recalling one of these costumes—something like a fishing-net with holes about an inch across. "This is Greek, and shows the figure." Certainly it showed the figure, he thought, smiling more broadly. And now he remembered—she had threatened to bring her younger sister. "And I have also a little sister. I don't know if you paint pretty girls." Here his memory inserted a giggle. "She sits for modern dress or the head. Not for the figure. Of course she doesn't mind a light costume, something diaphanous. Though I'm not quite sure she has any time left. She is always with Mr. Rapper, who does those pastels for the Goupil Art Gallery. He is so very sweet to her. She goes to the Theatre and dines with him. I sit myself sometimes, though you mightn't think so" (giggle). "So of course she can't sit in the evening, in case you do any black and white." ("Just like a woman," he reflected, cynically. "Too careless to take the trouble to discover that I am far too eminent for black and white.") "I know I'm dressed carelessly just now; I really must be more careful" (giggle). "I have an Empire gown to sit in; very sweet. I will bring it you to look at."

Ting-a-ting-ting-a-ting-ting-ting-ting-ting-ting.

Yes, it was the sweet Empire gown she was bringing him if it was not her sweeter sister. His experienced eye foresaw the Empire gown—something cut by herself out of muslin, with an old yellow silk sash. He let the last vibration of the bell-wire die away; the creature would know now that he was not in. The smoke curled in a blue-gray cloud about his head, as, looking up from the page of the magazine, he gazed dreamily at his half-finished picture, standing on the easel at the other extremity of the great luxurious room, where the westering sun of June went down a flood of light, that brightened the gleam of the gold frames of hanging pictures, touched up rough sketches and preliminary studies standing about, and lay in a splash of brilliancy among the sheets of music and the dainty volumes of poetry and *belles-lettres* on the grand-piano. Suddenly, as his gaze rested with a suspicion of wistfulness on this doubly artistic interior, in which the pictures were only pleasant spots of color in a larger harmony—a harmony of rugs and flowers and tapestry and picturesque properties—there shot up in his mind an image of an ancient episode. He saw himself, a shy, homely figure, standing in despairing bitterness on the threshold of an elegant studio—though not so elegant nor so commodious as this—the studio of the brilliant cousin whose life had intersected his own so many years ago. His face changed; a sad smile hovered about the corners of his mouth. Perhaps some unhappy young man was now outside his own less hospitable door, growing hopeless as the echoes alone answered him. He started up hastily, and hurrying into the passage, drew back the handle of the door. A slim fashionably attired gentleman, who was just walking off down the gravel pathway, turned, hearing the sound of the open door, his handsome, clean-shaven, bronzed face radiating joyous amusement.

"You duffer!" he exclaimed.

The famous painter turned pale. His cigarette fell from his mouth, so startled was he. That he should have just been thinking of Herbert Strang seemed almost supernatural. But the nervous feeling was submerged in a wave of happiness; to have Herbert again was an incredible bliss. How lucky he had opened the door!

"Herbert!" he cried, seizing his cousin's delicately gloved hands with an affectionate impulsiveness worthy of Herbert's mother.

Herbert surveyed him roguishly. "You're a nice old pal to make me ring three times. What's going on inside?"

"Nothing at all," laughed the painter, in effusive happiness. "Only tea, and that's cold. But come in."

"You're sure I'm not disturbing you," said Herbert, mischievously.

"No; I'm all by myself."

"It must be awfully convenient to have a back door," murmured Herbert.

The painter shook his head. "You haven't changed one bit," he said, in laughing reproach, as they moved within.

"Oh, but you have," said Herbert, pausing in the doorway to take him by the shoulders and look affectionately in his face. "Why, there's quite a dash of gray in your hair. You must have been killing yourself with work."

"You forget I'm getting old."

"What nonsense! Why, I'm several years older than you."

"No! are you?"

"Of course I am. Don't you remember, I was your senior, instructing you in the ways of this wicked world?"

"Well, you're still looking a boy, anyhow," said Mr. Strang.

"That's what I want to look," said Herbert, laughing. "It makes pretty women pet you and hold your hand. Why, in Italy I was the envy of all the cavaliers. *Corpo di Bacco!* this is a change!" he exclaimed, as he entered the fashionable studio. "Do you remember the time you came to me and wanted to borrow tenpence, or something? Ha, ha, ha! Not that I'm surprised, old boy, not a bit. I've heard your name come up quite half a dozen times in the few days I've been back in stony old London. No, thanks, I'll sit on the couch. It's cooler there. And I won't have any cold tea in this frightfully hot weather. I'm still faithful to soda-and-whiskey, if you've got any."

"Lots," said Mr. Strang. "A cigar?"

"Not before dinner—thanks. I don't mind a cigarette. But I'm not interrupting your work?"

"Don't be ridiculous, old fellow. The idea of my turning you away!"

"Well, considering you nearly did it. But you're a celebrity now. Your time's valuable."

"Oh, but I've struck work for to-day."

"What! with all this light left? This is indeed a change from the tenpenny days."

"Yes, I suppose one gets tired," the painter sighed. "Do you like Turkish or Egyptians?"

"In cigarettes, Turkish; in women, Egyptian," he answered, laconically. "But what a joke to find you tired of painting! You're beginning to feel like I felt, eh? That it's one demnition grind. And I'm tired of travelling, and wouldn't mind doing a little painting now. Ha, ha, ha! How funnily things do turn out, to be sure! Why, you've changed inside almost as much as outside," he said, looking up languidly into his host's face, as he selected a cigarette from the box. "I wonder if I should have recognized you if I had met you in the streets instead of tracking the lion to his own den. I shouldn't have thought half a dozen years would have made such a difference."

"Half a dozen years! It's nearer ten since we met."

"Nearer ten? Is it possible? Let me see. It must be quite seven years since the governor died, poor old chap. We haven't met since then, have we?"

"No," said the painter.

"No, of course; I've been careering about the world ever since. You know he died in Egypt?"

"No, I didn't know that," said Mr. Strang. "I only heard of his death from the dealer who took over the connection."

"Yes, he had to go there pretty sharp for his lungs, and I was compelled to leave Paris in my second year to go with him and the *mater*. But he died happy. That blessed gold medal of mine made him sure the name of Strang would be immortal in the history of Art. I always said there was a certain pathos about the poor old gentleman. But perhaps his assurance wasn't so wrong, after all, because *you* are going to make the name glorious, aren't you, you lucky beggar? And his own name, too, which ought to make him happy, even in heaven."

The great man smiled sadly, but he only said: "And your mother—how is she? I've often wished to see her again."

"Oh, she's living now at Lyons with some distant relatives of hers. Of course she soon tired of gadding about with me. She sent me a cutting about you once from a French paper. So you see how your fame has spread! I've often been meaning to write to you, but you know how it is always moving about, and I always intended to look you up when I came to London. I was here two years ago on a flying visit, but the papers said you were in Rome. Yes, and I saw a colored reproduction of a picture of yours, 'Motherhood,' decorating a miner's cabin in the Rockies—the Christmas supplement of the *Illustrated London News*, if I remember aright. It was a mother nursing a little girl, while the kid herself nursed a doll."

The painter turned away and struck a match.

"And then there were a couple of years before your father died," he said. "The last time we met was at the Students' Club in Seven Dials on Gold Medal Night."

"Yes, by Jove, you're right," said Herbert, thoughtfully. "If I didn't wish to avoid a platitude I should say that time flies. It's been a jolly good time, though, for me, with nothing to do except spend the poor old governor's savings, and a jolly big hole I've knocked in them, too. And *you* haven't come out of it so badly, eh? That's a stunning thing of yours in the Academy. I've just come from there. Got your address from the catalogue. I congratulate you heartily. It's not the sort of thing I expected from you; but it's well put in, and I suppose it pays. It is astonishing," he went on, after pausing to sip from his glass, "how paltry English art looks to me after all these years and seeing everything everywhere. The picture of the year is exactly like the lid of a bonbon-box. There aren't half a dozen things in to-day's show that I'd care to look at again. *You're* in the running; don't look so glum; ha, ha, ha! Frankly, old man, your 'Triumph of Bacchus' is jolly good work. You know I never cared much for the subject, but the modelling is A 1, and that sunlight effect is ripping! And what a crowd there was before it! Phew! I nearly got suffocated trying to see it, and I had to retire to the Architectural Room to cool. I don't like Cornpepper's picture one bit, though he *is* an A.R.A."

"You mean *because* he is," said Matthew Strang, with melancholy facetiousness.

"No, nothing of the kind; that rather prejudices me in his favor. You mustn't forget I prophesied it. You don't mean to say you admire his 'Ariadne in Naxos'? 'Poached lady on greens,' I marked it in my catalogue. Do laugh! You look as dull and faded as an Old Master. I think I shall have to restore you. Here, have some whiskey yourself. You're damned unsociable."

"I rarely drink," the host said, feebly.

"You used to drink my whiskey," Herbert reminded him; and as he poured himself out a little in deference to his brilliant cousin, he thought how queerly things had inverted themselves.

"The Triumph of Bacchus," said Herbert, laughing. "Now I've put in the good spirit, I'll exorcise the bad, as David did to Saul." And crossing over to the piano, he played a lively air.

"I picked up that from a Spanish gypsy," he said. "Not George Eliot's. But I'm sinking to puns. It's the English climate. You've got no wit here, and there isn't even a word for *esprit*. Let's examine your pictures. Ha! Hum! I see you've got quite a number on your hands. I suppose they must be the good ones. Ah! What do you call that thing—the lady in blue and the harp?"

"'Ideal Womanhood,'" answered the painter, adding, hastily: "It's just been returned from Australia. I lent it to an international exhibition. They beguiled me with the prospect it would be bought by the government."

"Ideal moonshine, I should call it," laughed Herbert. "There never was such moonlight on sea or land. And does the ideal woman play the harp on snowy mountain-tops at midnight without a chaperon?"

"It's supposed to be symbolic, you know, of her inspiring man to nobler heights," explained the artist, with an embarrassed air.

"Dear me. There's quite a mystic feeling about it. Isn't that the right phrase? Do you know, I'm seriously thinking of becoming an art critic. Yes, really! As I told you, I've had my fill of travelling, and now I'm going to try and settle down here, and I rather like getting a reputation for something or the other. It makes real woman more interested in one. The only thing I'm afraid of is, I know too much about the subject, and have actually handled the brush. I'm going to paint, too, but I've neglected to keep my hand in, so I've not much hopes of that. Unless I came out as a stylist, who sees the world as he fails to paint it. You've got several new men like that, I hear. There's money in myopia and diseases of the eye generally. And, *Corpo di Bacco!* how photography has come along since I was one of the pioneers of its use in art!"

Matthew Strang shrugged his shoulders.

"What does it matter?" he said, wearily. "The whole thing's a farce."

"Here, I say, must I play another gypsy dance? I came here expecting to find you a harmony in gold, and, lo! you're a discord in the blues. What's the matter with you? You're jealous of Cornpepper. How is it they haven't made you an A.R.A. yet? Don't you go out enough?"

The painter's lips essayed a melancholy smile.

"I go out all I want to."

"There are enough cards stuck over your mantel."

"Yes, I have to go out a good deal in the season. It doesn't pay to offend patrons."

"Or ideal womanhood. I reckon you'll be making a fine marriage one of these days, when you're an A.R.A., as you must be. Lady Bettina Modish, or something of that sort, eh?"

"Won't you have another cigarette?" said the painter, jerkily.

"Thanks. Oh, by-the-way—ha, ha, ha!—what's become of that woman, you rogue?"

"What woman?"

"Real womanhood. The woman you were living with in Paris. Ha! ha! ha! You didn't think I knew that. But I met Cornpepper there on my return from Egypt, and he told me he'd seen you going about with her. How we laughed over our Methodist parson, who wanted art to be moral! What's the matter?"

The painter's face had grown white and agitated.

"I'm sorry if I've said anything to annoy you," Herbert protested. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have given Cornpepper away. But the affair is so ancient. I didn't know you'd mind a reference to it now."

"The woman I was living with in Paris," said Matthew Strang, hoarsely, "was my wife."

"Non—sense," said Herbert, in low, long-drawn incredulity. But his cousin's face was only too convincing.

"She's not alive now?" he asked.

The painter nodded his head hopelessly.

Herbert sprang to his feet.

"Good God!" he said. "You don't mean to say you were such an ass as to marry! No wonder you're in the blues."

Matthew Strang was silent. There was a painful pause.

"But you've kept it pretty dark," Herbert said at last. "Everybody seems to look upon you as a bachelor."

"I know," replied the painter. "I've always lived a lonely life, and I don't speak about my affairs."

"I'm sorry I touched upon them, then."

"No. I can talk with *you*."

"Thanks, old man." And Herbert took his friend's hand and pressed it sympathetically. "You're not living with her, anyhow, and that's something."

"Oh, but I *am* living with her—at least, I go home sometimes. It's not quite my fault—it's grown up gradually. She lives in Camden Town."

"Alone?"

"Oh no! There's Billy—that's my young brother—to keep her company. And then there's the children."

"What! kids as well?"

"Only two."

Herbert looked glum. "I suppose she's an impossible person," he said.

"Do you mean to live with?"

"No; to be seen with."

"We've never been out together in London," replied the painter, simply. "We drifted apart before I was asked out. Oh, but it's no use going into it—it's all too sordid."

"Poor chap!" said Herbert. "Well, you may rely on my respecting your confidence. I suppose it *is* a secret?"

"It seems to be. I make none of it, except negatively. You will find Mrs. Strang in the directory as a householder in Camden Town; she took the house, as it happened. She has a little money of her own."

Herbert smiled sadly. "That's what I always say. The safest secret in the world is the open secret. If you had hidden her away in Patagonia, or tried to put her into a lunatic asylum, it would have been the talk of the town. As you simply let her live quietly in the heart of London, nobody's provoked into inquisitiveness, and if anybody knows—as no doubt an odd person does here and there—he doesn't tell anybody else because he doesn't know it's a secret. I shouldn't be surprised to hear the marriage was duly advertised in the first column of the *Times*."

Mr. Matthew Strang's smile faintly reflected his cousin's. "No, we were married in Nova Scotia," he replied. "But what are you doing to-night?"

"How improbable life is!" mused Herbert. "Only yesterday I heard that Johnson, the Cabinet Minister, has been secretly married these last twenty years. What am I doing to-night? Oh, nothing particular. I thought of dropping into a music-hall. I can't stand the English theatre. It's so unintellectual."

"Well, why not dine with me at the Limners?"

"Sure you haven't got any other engagement?"

"Oh, I said I would dine *en famille* at Lady Conisbrooke's, but I can easily send a wire. As it isn't a formal dinner party, and as I'm rather a privileged person with her, I dare say she'll forgive me."

"It's awfully naughty of you," said Herbert. "But then, there, you're a genius! And it *would* be jolly to dine together as in the days of auld lang syne. I've got an awful lot to yarn about, and so have you. I'll rush to my rooms and dress."

"Oh, why bother to dress? Though I must, if you don't mind. I've got to go on to two or three places. If you don't mind waiting a few minutes while I change and write [illegible] couple of letters, we can go at once, unless you're too fashionable to dine prematurely."

"No, but I think I'd rather dress. It's cooler in this frightful weather. Shall I come back, or meet you at the club?"

"As you like."

"Well, you go on to the club, and I'll be there just as quick as I can. Oh, by-the-way, write out that wire and I'll send it for you."

"Thanks; perhaps you had better, though I expect my man back in a few minutes. He's seeing about the delivery of a picture to the London agents of the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition."

When Herbert was gone Matthew Strang did not at once mount to his dressing-room. The advent of this visitor from the past had stirred up all its muddy depths, and the knowledge that he had a little time to spare kept him brooding over it all, recalling the episodes of their *camaraderie;* and blent with them, as faded scents with old letters, he caught faint elusive whiffs of that freshness of feeling and aspiration which had impregnated them in those dear divine days of youth, when even his darkest hours were tinged with a rose light of dawn. Never again would he feel that glow, that fervor, those strange stirrings of romance, that delicious sadness sweeter than all mirth, when a perfect blue day could bring tears to the eyes, and the melancholy patter of rain at twilight was like a dying fall of music, and something strange and far-away subtly interfused itself with the loveliness of nature, with flowers and sunsets and summer nights, a haunting grace, intangible, inexpressible, hinting somehow of divine archetypes of beauty in some celestial universe.

Oh, the fatal mistake of his marriage, perceived as soon as it was too late, though he shrank weakly from the perception, afraid to face the chill, blank truth, hoping against hope that love would be the child of marriage. Oh, the ghastliness of being chained to a loving woman he did not love, bound by law and honor to simulate a responsive affection and to hide the deadly apathy which her caresses could not melt. He tried hard to love her, calling his own attention to her youth, her freshness, her prettiness, her flashes of expression, making the most of every hint of charm, seeing her through a wilful glamour, even attempting to persuade himself that she was the woman of his dreams, all the while his leaden heart coldly refusing itself to the hollow pretence. Before the marriage he had almost felt on the point of love; but it was only, he knew later, the self-disguise of cupidity and mercenariness, though no doubt a measure of gratitude had helped to becloud his vision. In his bachelor days he could never have imagined such indifference to any woman. Sometimes he wondered if this was all marriage meant to any man, but a wistful incredulity denied him the consolation of acquiescence in a common lot. The testimony of mankind was quite other, and his own yearning instinct refused to look upon his union as typical. If only she had been a little more intellectual, less limited to gossip about servants and prices! How he had deceived himself, taking the sprightliness of a young girl in love, the coquettish gayety, the evanescent brilliancy of a bird in the pairing season, for the output of perennial intellect and good-humor! He had lived so much alone in his dreams that he had fallen out of touch with humanity, and particularly with feminine humanity. He had had no standard of comparison by which to gauge her, and once united to her, the habitual recluse could not accommodate himself to her constant companionship.

He recalled the misery of their honey-moon in Paris, in Rome; her blankness to all that had fascinated him, so that, despite her affectionate clinging to him, and her almost pathetic endeavor to admire old churches and dingy picture-galleries, she had at last acquiesced in his happy idea of regarding his rounds as "work," and had beguiled the expectation of fonder reunion by the more exhilarating spectacle of the streets and shops under the convoy of Billy. And how soon she had wearied of foreign places, clamoring to be settled in London, where the language was not gibberish, and one could go a-marketing without being bamboozled and cut off from bargaining. For after the first fervors of the honey-moon she had developed that instinct for petty economy which had amused and charmed him when he had gone shopping with her in Halifax, but which now fretted him, seeming like a daily reproach for all those great sums her acquisition of him had cost her. He was glad that the due arrival of the second mysterious instalment promised to the Nova-Scotian household relieved him of the painful necessity of applying to her on its behalf. Unexpectedly enough this sum was supplemented by a dividend of a hundred and fifteen dollars paid to him, after he had forgotten all about the matter, by the trustee in Halifax in settlement of his claim against the estate of the Starsborough ship-builder.

In vain he tried to interest his wife in books, in the poems and essays into which he now threw himself with a feverish desire for culture. In vain he tried to impart to her his vision of nature, to get her to observe scenery and sunsets. Colors and shades were only interesting to her as they occurred in dress materials. Once when they stood on a sea-beach on a December afternoon under a cold gray sky, and Rosina complained of the dreariness of the seascape, he had attempted to show her how beautiful it really was, how much more interesting to the artistic eye than a crude sunlight effect; how, near the horizon, it was grayish steel-blue, and then a still amber, and then emerald green, and how just before the final fringe of froth there shone a band of sparkling amber, grayed by cloud reflections. But Rosina shivered, and refused to see anything but a chill green waste.

She would not even allow him to arrange her furniture, and a pair of colossal pink vases, garishly hand-painted with pastoral figures (picked up "a bargain"), were a permanent pain to him, spoiling for him the drawing-room of the little London house, with the rude whitewashed studio, in which they had settled down after the birth of their first child. The temporary lull that attended their installation in British domesticity was succeeded by graver frictions when Rosina had finished furnishing. They had no society; neither of the couple knew anybody in London, and the husband shrank from making friends, constrained, moreover, by his art to a solitary way of living. Rosina, who before her child demanded her care had sat to him out of pure desire to be with him, began to be jealous of the models who replaced her, declaring that she had no conception such goings on were a part of art, or she would never have married him. The picture he had been working at since his marriage—a picture into which he had thrown all his young individuality, and to be able to paint which without pecuniary underthought was an alleviation of his numb misery—was rejected by the Academy.

Sitting in the great studio this evening, he smiled bitterly as he recalled his emotions when the blue card arrived to dash his hopes of immediate fame. He remembered how he had read the notice at the breakfast table, striving to appear calm, though burning with revolt and despair, what time Rosina was unfolding a tale of woe concerning the maid-of-all-work, whom she had detected throwing away half-burnt coals into the dust-hole. That, she reiterated monotonously, explained the mysteriously rapid disappearance of the coals—over a ton since quarter-day. An investigation of the dust-hole had revealed a veritable coal-mine. It was one of the most curious characteristics of Rosina that, with all her hardness, she flinched mentally before her servants, pouring out her grievances against them when they were out of earshot, so that her husband suffered vicariously for their sins of omission and commission. He had to cap her tragic narrative by telling her of his disappointment, exciting her to alarm about his future, though not to sympathy with his aspersed ideals. For his part he gave her kindness and the deference he would have shown a guest, and abandoned as hopeless the effort to unite their souls. It was only by her absurd objections to his models that she ever provoked him to an angry word.

But of secret paroxysms he had plenty, perhaps more against himself than against her. It became increasingly plain to him that he could not live on her money; that were intolerable to his reawakened manhood. He must make a financial success on his own account; he must become independent of her at any cost to art. His entire preconception of his future had broken down, his marriage a failure from the financial point of view as from every other. Instead of having emancipated himself from the necessity of a monetary success, he had made life impossible without it.

He went to the Academy and the Grosvenor, he studied the most popular pictures of his day, and in a couple of huge canvases—one domestic, the other historic—set himself to outdo them in anecdotage and obviousness of technique. On these lines his clever craftsmanship won him acceptance from the Hanging Committee for both his pictures, though at the eleventh hour—on the Saturday night before varnishing day—he was disappointed to receive an intimation that only the smaller could be hung. But this illustration of "Motherhood" attracted attention, and sold for a couple of hundred pounds. The buyer—a provincial cotton-spinner in town for his holiday—wished to sit for his portrait. The painter did not like to ask him to the whitewashed studio. He told Rosina they must move to a better neighborhood. The economical Rosina would not consent to quit a quarter where rates and provisions were low, and where she had by this time acquired several cronies equally martyred by their maids-of-all-work, and ultimately he took a larger studio in a more fashionable district, going to his work every day, like a clerk to his office, relieved from his wife's overpowering proximity, and from her personal vision of his models coming and going, though her morbid suspicion was always ready to flare up. Thus the estrangement had begun. People sent him cards, not knowing he was married; after some embarrassed refusals he weakly accepted without explanation an invitation to dinner—unable to decline it gracefully and knowing Rosina unsuited to the company—and his reticence made subsequent explanation more and more difficult. He was caught in a fashionable whirl of work and social engagements, finding commission after commission thrust upon him, driven to hasty production of imposing compositions to preserve his place in the rapidly recurrent Academy and other exhibitions, and always postponing the time when he would start upon the real artistic work of his life, when he should have accumulated enough money to give him a couple of years of freedom for independent art, for that fearless expression of his own individuality which alone makes art, which alone adds aught to the world's treasure of beauty by contributing a new individual vision of the beautiful, and which, so far from being demanded by the paying public, must be a revelation of unknown riches. Even now he was making experimental studies by fits and snatches. But years flew by like months with incredible velocity. He could not escape from the net-work of engagements he had helped to weave, nor did he always desire to. There was a circumlapping consolation about the applause of the public. Though it did not warm him, he found a bitter satisfaction, as of revenge, in the smiles of society dames, though he did not court them. He took no pleasure in the personal paragraphs and the notices of his work, though he knew they were necessary to his prices, and though he had no more liking for the severe estimates of the few who would have none of him. The breach with his wife widened imperceptibly, half-involuntarily, though he was passively glad she was not there to complicate his life with her bourgeois ways, with her vulgar outlook.

He was driven to a more pretentious studio, which had sometimes to be the scene of responsive hospitalities, and which raised his prices. He fell into a semi-bachelor life. Late evening parties, early morning rides in the Park, visits for pleasure or portrait-painting or decoration to country houses (where his early familiarity with rod and gun gave him a valuable air of autochthonic aristocracy), excursions to Goodwood, to Henley, sketching tours—all tended to separate him from his wife. At last the present position had grown up, so gradually that except for her spasms of jealousy Rosina seemed almost to have become reconciled to it, in view of the popular success, the inflow of money, and the eternal economy of Camden-Town, and instead of resenting his absence, to have come to welcoming his presence. When, on rare gala occasions, he took her out, the places she loved were those which no fashionable foot ever trod; and as the couple wandered—an obscure matrimonial molecule among the holiday masses—he was not sorry that his juvenile idea of fame as a blazoning *vade-mecum* was only one of the many illusions of youth. And so none of the scented chattering crowd that gathered on Show Sunday before his pictures or his refreshments had any inkling of the more legitimate *ménage* in the less fashionable quarter. He absolved his occasional qualms of conscience by lavishing his earnings on her, which she hoarded—though he knew it not—partly from instinct, partly from a superstitious dread of a catastrophe when his hand should fail or her shares fall to zero. Too late he comprehended the hardness in money matters that had been at the root of her resentment against the defalcating Frenchman, and it was to spare her feelings, as well as to preserve peace, that he said never a word to her about the great sums with which he gladdened the Nova-Scotian household.

Not that Rosina knew much of his other affairs. In truth, she understood very little of her husband's life, nor by how vast a sweep it circumscribed her own. She knew he had to be away from her a very great deal, that he had to stay in the country to paint great people; she was vaguely aware that the necessities of his profession made a wide sociality profitable. She had been once or twice to peep at his studio, horrified by the grandeur, and only consoled by the demonstration that its cost was repaid in the prices, like the luxurious fittings of the shops in the Holloway Road. But her imagination lacked the materials to construct a vision of the whirlpool which had sucked him away from her; her reading was limited to a weekly newspaper in which his name seldom appeared. And he, in his mental isolation from her, found scant self-reproach for his silence; reserve seemed more natural than communicativeness. She could never know the doings of his soul, his thoughts were not her thoughts, he had given up the attempt at communication, the effort to teach her to know his real self; why should he be less reticent concerning his outward movements, his superficial self? He was aloof from her spiritually; beside this, his material separation from her was insignificant. The children—a girl of seven and a boy getting on for four—were no bonds of union. The elder, christened Clara, after Rosina's aunt, was sharp and lively enough, but given to passionate sulking; the younger—called after his father's father, David—was a lymphatic, colorless youngster, sickly and rather slow-witted, with something of Billy's pathos in his large gray eyes. Their father had tried hard to love them, as he had tried to love their mother, and had taken a certain proprietary interest in their infantile graces, and in the engaging ways of early childhood, but the claims of his art left them in the mother's hands, and the older they grew the less he grew to feel them his. Neither Clara nor David had as yet displayed any scintilla of artistic instinct. When he went home he usually had something for them in his pocket, as he would have had for the children of an acquaintance, but they gave him no parental thrill. As he sat this afternoon moodily reviewing the situation, he burst into a spasmodic, bitter laugh. It had struck him for the first time that his life had come to be not unlike his father's—a life apart from his wife's, with a rare stay under the domestic roof, the wife the more amiable for his absences. A sudden intuition seemed a flash-light on his father's past. He felt drawn to the dead sailor with a new sympathy. He rose in agitation, extending his arms towards a visionary form.

"Father, father!" he cried aloud. "Did you suffer like me?"

"Did you call, sir?" And Claydon, his man-servant, who had come in quietly through the back door, descended from the bedroom, where he had been laying out his master's things.

"Yes," said his master. "Is my shaving water ready? I'm going out a little earlier than usual."

"Yes, sir." And the painter, recalled to reality, hastened to perform his toilet. But his mind still ran in the grooves of the past, remote from all the new interests and distractions of a brilliant career.

When he dismounted from the hansom and walked through the door of the Limners' Club, he remembered that this was the very club he had come to on his first day in London—nay, that the gray-headed, deferential doorkeeper was the very man whose majesty had chilled him. He wondered now whether the old fellow ever connected the popular painter with the homely, diffident youth who had inquired for Mr. Matthew Strang.

"Gentleman waiting for you, sir."

Curious! Now it was Herbert that was waiting for Mr. Matthew Strang.

But the thought of the whirligig of time gave him no pleasure. In his early struggles in London, when no one would buy his work, he had gloated in anticipation over the humility of the dealers when he should have made his position; now he had long since forgotten and forgiven their contempt: how could they know he was worth taking up? There was nothing but the palest shadow of satisfaction in the thought that they would scour London in search of those despised pictures if they only knew. He wondered sometimes if those early things of his would ever come up into the light, whether the daughter of his ancient landlady still treasured her mother's wedding-present, and what had become of "The Paradise of the Birds."

A bluff graybeard in the hall shook his hand heartily. It was Alderleigh, the famous Academician, whose name had for thirty years been almost synonymous with art among Englishmen. He remembered the first time Alderleigh had spoken to him at a City banquet in the beginnings of his fame.

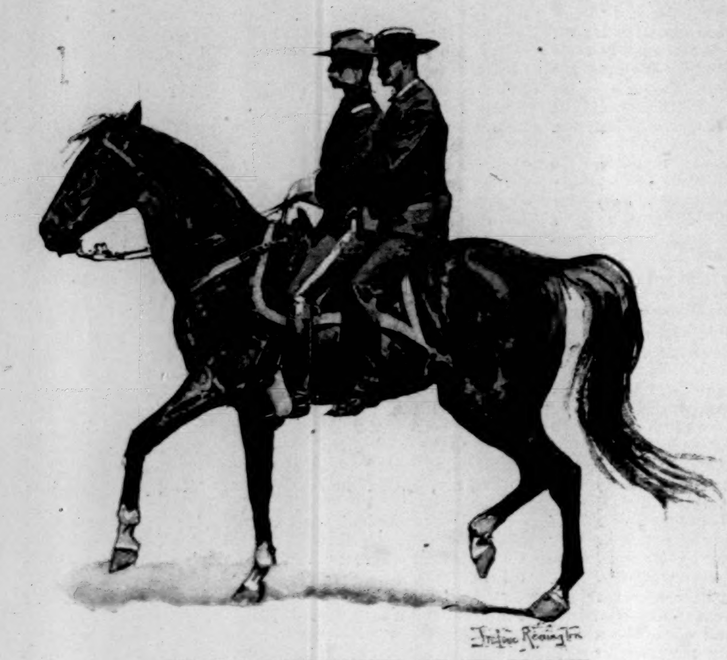
"We oldsters will have to be looking to our laurels," he had said, placing his hand on the young man's shoulder. After the banquet Alderleigh had given him a lift in his open carriage, and as they rolled through the busy flashing London night a voice in Matt's breast kept crying out: "This is Alderleigh! Look! This is the great Alderleigh I am driving with. Why don't you look, you stupid multitudes? Do you not know this is Alderleigh—Alderleigh himself?" Oh, why did not some of the people who knew Matthew Strang come along and see him driving with Alderleigh? Perhaps they did—there must surely be one acquaintance at least among all these crowds, and he would tell the others. He had scarcely been able to reply rationally to Alderleigh's conversation, so intoxicated was he by the great man's proximity. And now he himself was a popular celebrity—shown with the finger—on the eve of Academic honors; had he not, of all the younger men among the guests, been called upon (with disconcerting unexpectedness) to respond to a toast at the Academy Greenwich Dinner only last month? Was he not already on the Council of minor artistic societies? Yes, doubtless he himself was already the cause of like foolish flutterings in the breasts of youthful hero-worshippers—he whose heart could no longer flutter, not even when the youthful hero-worshipper was a woman and beautiful.

He dined with Herbert at a little table. His burst of communicativeness had exhausted itself, and he was glad to let the returned traveller do the bulk of the talking as well as of the dining. He himself ate little, though the cuisine was excellent and the cellar took high rank.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVENING COLORS.

JUST at sunset an impressive ceremony takes place on board a man-of-war. It is the reverse of that which occurs in the early morning. The hauling down of the colors bids good-by to the day of work, as the raising greeted it some hours before. The band takes its place aft on the quarter-deck, if the ship carries a band, and if she does not the ship's drummers and buglers sound the evening color salute as the bunting comes down on deck. All hands face aft and salute the flag, even the men idling about off watch spring to their feet at attention. At the minute the flag comes down up goes the anchor light, if the ship is in port, and soon the smoking lamp is lit after supper, and Jackie has a recess which he greets much in the same way that a school-boy greets the rest between his study hours. In every navy of the world this same tribute of evening colors is paid to the flag. In fact, of necessity, much of shipboard routine must be the same, as the modern ships of every nation are built to fight other vessels of their class, chase those that are smaller, and run away from those that are of heavier metal. When vessels of war of many nations were in our harbor during the Columbian celebration "colors" was a most interesting sight—the music of half a dozen national airs floated out, and as many national ensigns came down on deck together. Even the visitor on board ship insensibly feels himself influenced by the inspiriting surroundings, and bares his head. There is much good in ceremony, after all.



THE WAR CORRESPONDENT AND THE DRAGOON.

MORAL: Stand in with the Cavalry.

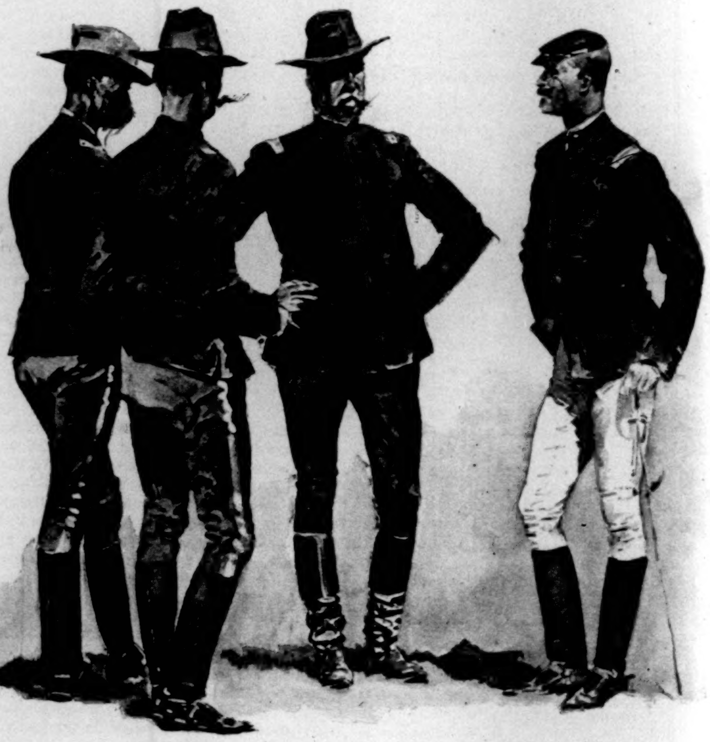
THE NATIONAL GUARD OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Two Chicago rioters who had their opinion of militia were busy at unhindered destruction of other men's property some weeks ago, when a sudden and novel stillness in the air caught their attention, and they turned round. They saw some dingy objects moving up the street. These were United States troops, just come from fighting Indians. They were dirty and dogged, and looked straight ahead. The rioters gazed at them a moment. "Let's you and me get out," said one of them to the other; "them fellers don't carry bokays in their guns."

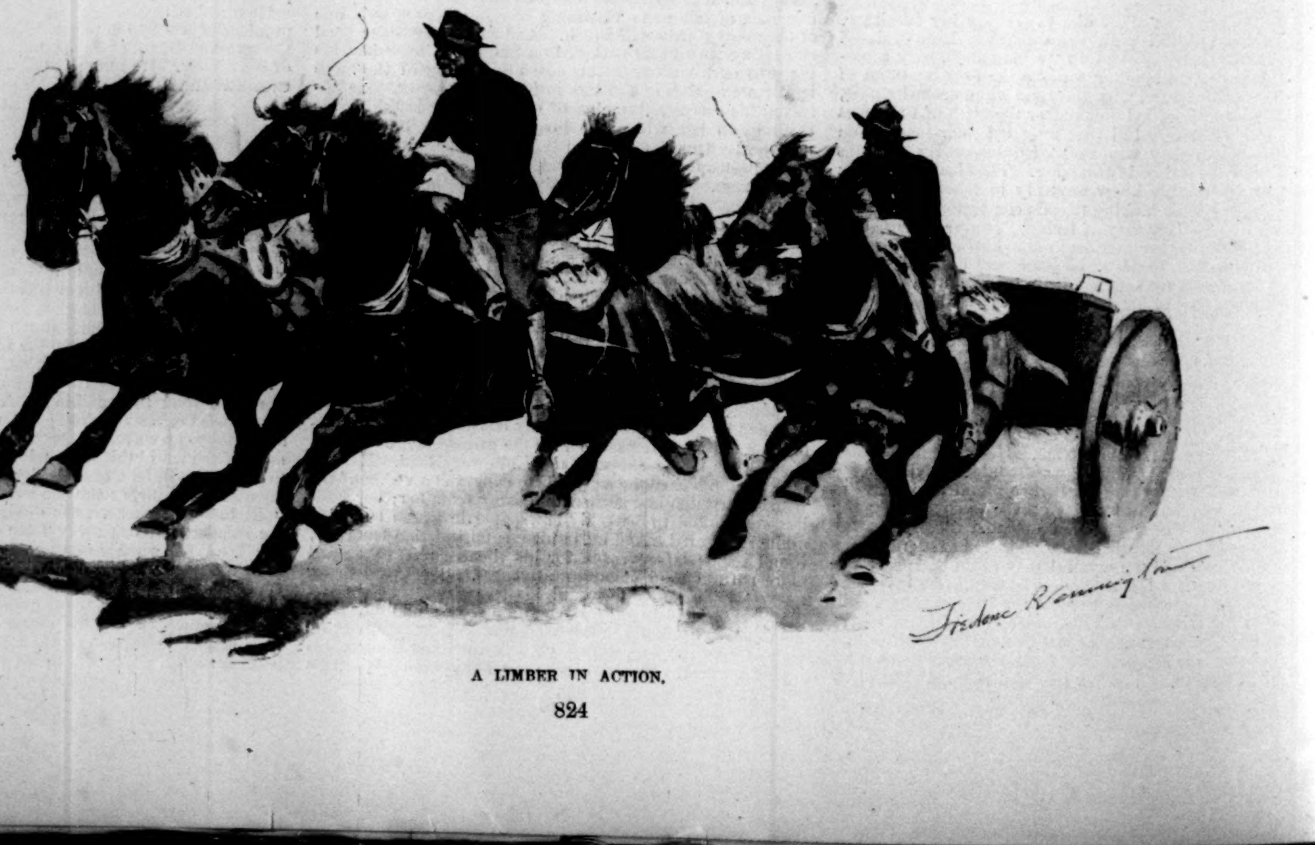
It seems that in our country the grim tonic of calamity alone avails to work a cure in many public ills. We had a militia in Pennsylvania in 1877 of long standing, splendid on paper, and picturesque to see. Our sumptuous roster sweated with titles. We had twenty major-generals. We becolonelled and bemajored each other copiously. One staff numbered more souls than were in the ranks. We wore swallow-tail coats with remarkable buttons, and our hats rode our heads like galleons from the Spanish Main. When we paraded we were as formidable as a comic opera. One day we were needed for use, and it was discovered that, with all our beauty, we were harmless. Somebody had forgotten to give us ammunition and things to eat. So we sat for shelter in a round-house at Pittsburg, on the 17th of August, 1877, and the public enemy burned freight cars. Presently some regulars came, and the public enemy ran away, noticing that the new-comers carried no "bokays" in their guns. This ominous jar shook Pennsylvania awake, and we saw how a horde of vermin had swarmed over our body-social, and how we had been driven to ask outside help to knock the rats back into their holes. This misfortune was wholesome medicine, and a new vigor rose in the Guard. Hats, swallow-tails, major-generals—the entire motley mess was swept out. The new organization set going by the Governor and the Legislature after 1877 was based on one single idea, and that idea was not parade, but fight. Its main features were then as they are now. The annual State appropriation of $320,000 is devoted exclusively to practical uses, and gives nobody a dress uniform. Thus it happened when we paraded in New York that the untrained civilian on-lookers thought we appeared shabby; but the officers of the regular army recognized that we too had learned to carry no "bokays" in our guns. Of the annual appropriation $500 goes to each company for maintenance, $200 for armory rent, and $50 for target practice. A uniform was adopted at the outset, and the material is issued in quantity, and made up by the respective company tailors. The regular appropriation, while it covered blouses and trousers and a few other necessities, did not go far enough, and in 1878 a special appropriation was also made for greatcoats, blanket-bags, haversacks, canteens, and other equipment. This served until and through the next great crisis in the history of the new Guard—another calamity, more threatening than that of 1877, which was of inestimable value in winning for the militia a live and intelligent support from most people in Pennsylvania. Public opinion needed its attention called to the public enemy that was latent in our midst.

In July, 1892, the rats came out of their holes again. On Sunday, the 10th, at midnight, came the call for troops. The commanders of the three brigades, living hundreds of miles apart, received their telegrams—one at 11.50 P.M., one after 12, and one at 3 in the morning. Being Sunday, the regular telegraph offices were closed; being the summer holidays, officers and men were scattered from Bar Harbor to Cape May; some were in Europe, one on the Pacific coast. It was not a favorable hour for concentration. The various commanders got out of their beds and sought the railroad wires—the only lines open—sitting at way stations, climbing into signal boxes, routing their subordinates up all over the forty-five thousand square miles of Pennsylvania. The colonel of the First Regiment received his message at 2.30 A.M.; others were received at 4.45 and 8. None were received before 1.30. By 10 the First Regiment moved out with its train. So did the Third, nine men of the whole regiment roll being absent. One regiment had every officer and man present, except a field-officer, who was abroad on leave. Some of the companies of one regiment in the Second Brigade are one hundred and fifty miles apart; one of these, nine miles from a railroad, assembled there four hours after receiving orders. The captain of another company was ill. His wife hitched up the wagon and gathered the men herself. The Third Brigade received its orders about 12.30 A.M. Before the next midnight that brigade was delivered at the place of final concentration, two hundred miles away. The National Guard of Pennsylvania reached its destination thirty-two hours after the first order was issued with over 92 per cent. of the men present, over 96 per cent. being present forty-eight hours later. The strategy of the mobilization was conducted so skilfully both by the general and by the railroad that the troops appeared at Homestead neither when nor where they were expected. The rats were taken by surprise, but met the general with a brass band. He told them he had not come there to listen to serenades. On this various attempts were made to fraternize with the soldiers, to disaffect them, to induce them to desert, and vile abuse was heaped on the general, of course. In fact, during the ensuing days the rats, by threats, incendiary pamphlets, and all methods, clearly showed the sort of rats that they were. Up till now they had driven owners from their property, maltreated prisoners, shot those sent to disperse them, and established an advisory committee superior to the civil law, violating personal liberty, and providing a censorship of the press. They now undertook assassination.

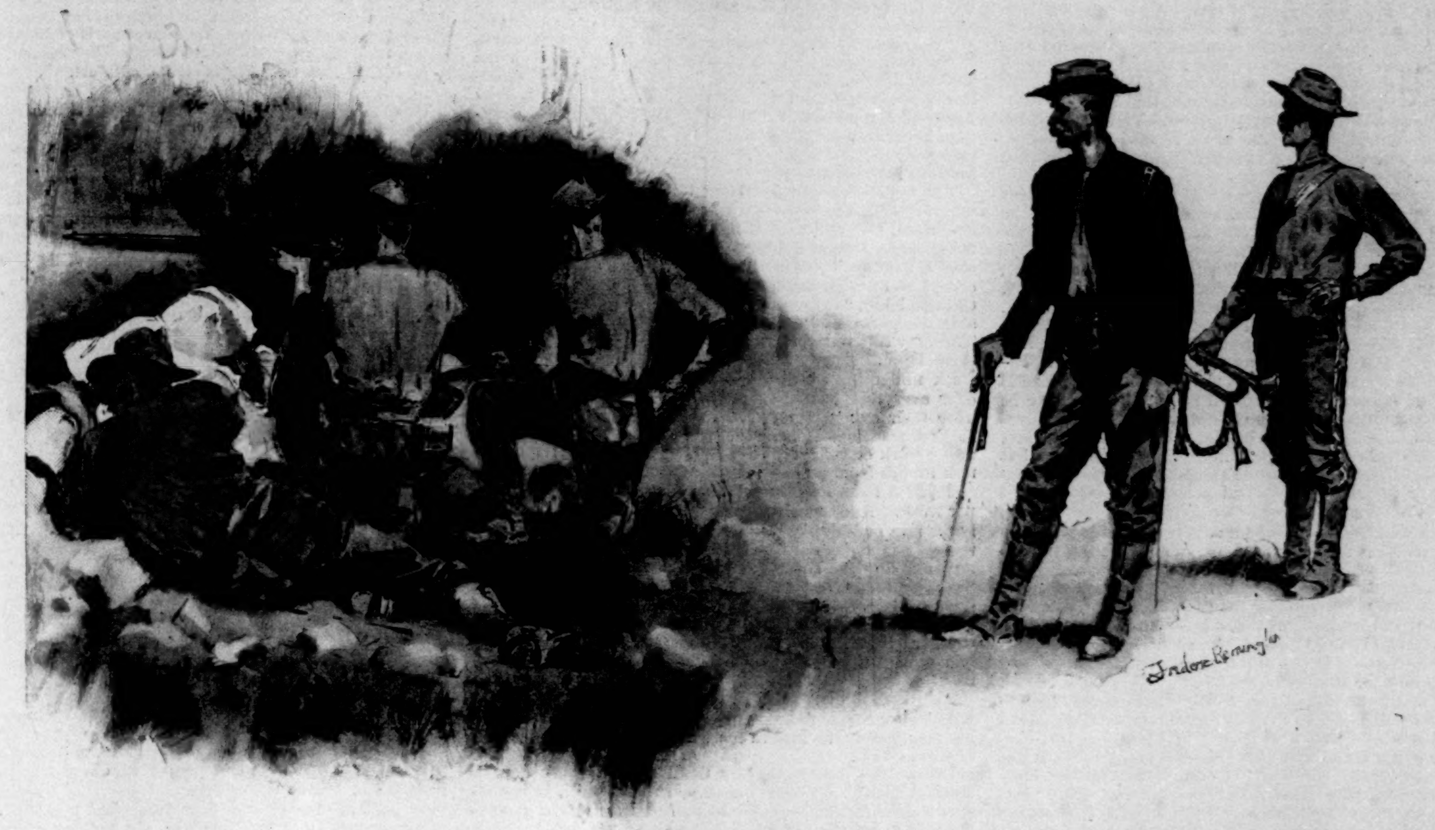
On the 23d of July news came that the manager of the works was killed. The crisis at that moment was very grave. No man knew what would come next in Pennsylvania. The camp was unsettled, and the men were therefore ordered to their tents. It was at this moment that a private proposed "three cheers for the man who shot Frick," and refused to retract the words when requested to do so by a superior officer. The prompt dealing with this contemptible mutineer (he had previously gone to sleep on post, and in war-time would have been already shot for that) probably averted the disaster of having to order one part of the force to fire on the other. The manner of his punishment raised a hysterical storm from the ignorant and the vicious; it was of course upheld by every right-minded citizen, by the army, and by a civil court of law. To be sure, one conspicuous soldier prematurely termed the discipline "unchristian." But one who knows General Howard and his manner of regarding things understands this. So the private had half his head shaved, and was drummed out of the regiment, to the tune of the "Rogue's March," and lost his suit for assault and battery, and got much sympathy from the rats and the philanthropists. Homestead was the wholesomest lesson since the Pittsburg round-house. Calamity continued its education of the public. It showed the militia its strength and its weaknesses; it drilled the railroad so that to-day the railroad can go through the motions almost undirected; it taught the community what an essential person the ignored soldier is, and it disconcerted the public enemy. The rats, as soon as peace was restored, sent a deputation to Harris-



OFFICERS, PENNSYLVANIA NATIONAL GUARD.



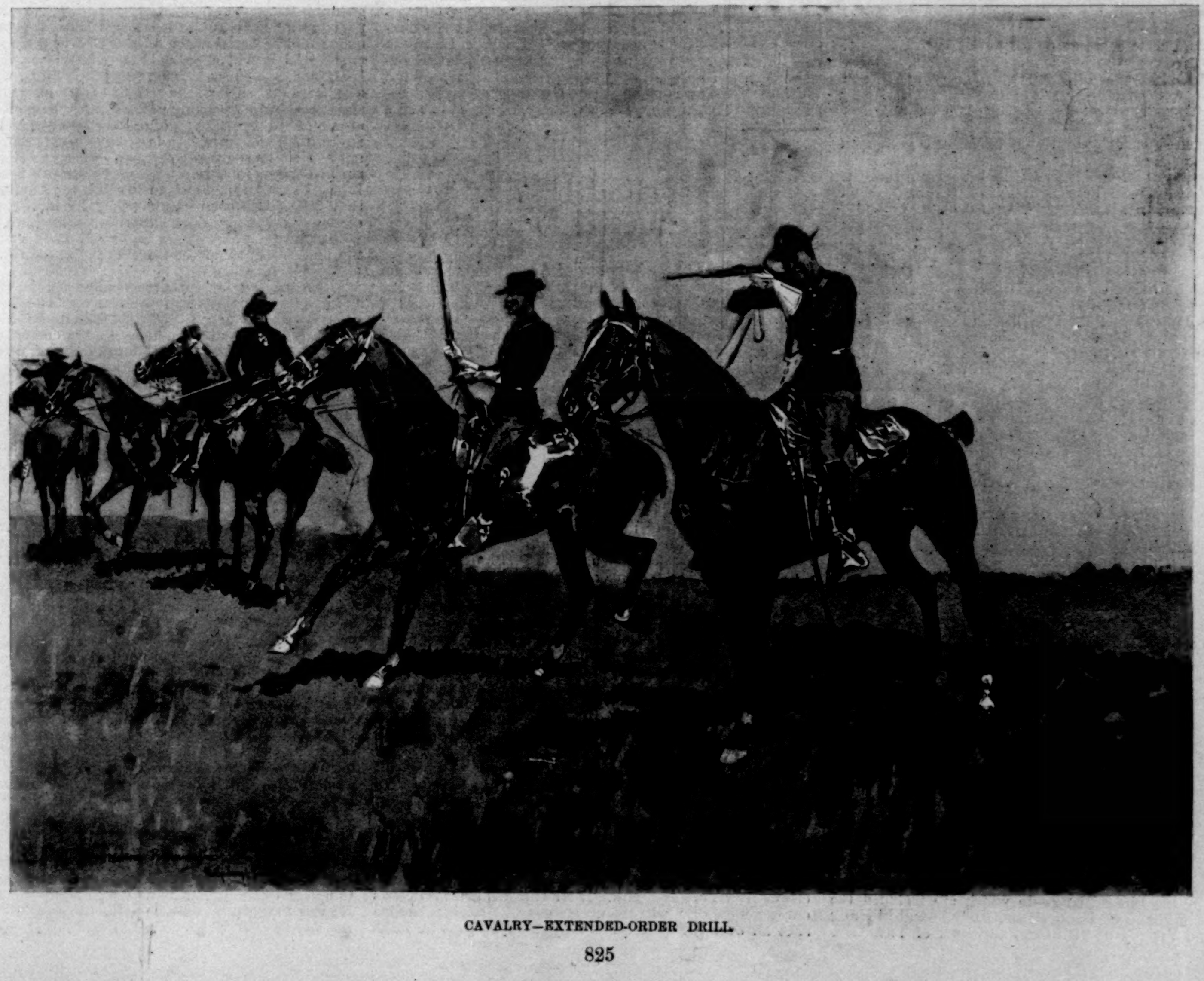
A LIMBER IN ACTION.



EXTENDED-ORDER DRILL, IN SHIRT SLEEVES.

burg to compass, if possible, the abolition of the National Guard. That is a significant fact, and citizens should take it in connection with the recent refusing a labor delegate from Springfield to Boston his credentials on the ground that he belonged to the militia. Vigilance is the price of liberty not only from foreign but domestic foes. I have had a recent experience in California—not relevant here, save for comparison—and Sacramento in '94 was worse than Pittsburg in '77; no Pennsylvania troops ever handed their arms to the mob, or gave their cartridges to women for keepsakes as they marched up the street. The Homestead trouble made citizens respect the militiaman, and the militiaman respect himself. He now knows that the service he does is honorable and honored. Consequently the *personnel* of our Guard improves all the time. And we have had a new special appropriation. The watchful and indefatigable Adjutant-General had reported that twelve years' service had rendered the greatcoats, blanket-bags, and so forth, "worn, faded, unsightly, and obsolete." The Legislature listened to him, and the other day at Gettysburg the new equipment was to be seen, including the sorely needed shoes. Men were at Homestead who ended with their feet tied up in rags. To see the ranks to-day, you would often suppose them regulars; the campaign hats, the leggings, look like business; and as you walk about you notice—symptom of a more thorough spirit—that men off duty salute an officer.

The new order of things set going after 1877 by the Governor and the Legislature was in its main features what it is now. The twenty major-generals were condensed, and so were the five brigades. We have three brigades now, and fifteen regiments; three troops of cavalry, three batteries, and (latest organized) two divisions of naval militia. Of course, much is still inchoate—the signal corps, for instance. The general officers (one major-general and five brigadier-generals, of which there are at present actually three) are appointed by the Governor with the consent of the Senate; these, with the Governor's approval, appoint officers of the division and brigade staffs; field-officers are elected by officers of regiment or battalion; and company officers by their companies for five years, their commissions subject to the approval of an examining board in each brigade. The Governor appoints his staff adjutant-general, quartermaster-general, and surgeon-general with consent of the Senate; other officers of his staff he appoints absolutely, and others still are appointed by the heads of their respective departments. The First Brigade is in and about Philadelphia, the Second in the western part of the State, and the Third in the central and eastern. A military map indicates minutely the station of all companies, troops, batteries; regiment, brigade, division, and staff headquarters; and there is besides this a railroad map. The total force of the division was, in 1893, 8612, but it has increased. At the recent encampment 8693 were present, men and officers, which did not include the naval battalion, then on sea duty; 63 were absent, and the



CAVALRY—EXTENDED-ORDER DRILL.

percentage computed present of the possible total was prodigious. I learned that 7 of the 63 absentees belonged to the First City Troop, which numbers 58. Thinking this proportion over, it seems so odd that I should wish to know more about the enlistment papers and discharges in the various companies before asserting here that 99$\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. of our Guard was present at Gettysburg. Viewing also our system of returns, I have the same hesitation in quoting the remarkable percentage of sharp-shooters and qualified marksmen.

Nevertheless, Camp Crawford was a camp with a very large attendance. Headquarters (staff and division) lay on the rebel ridge, and behind it the Second Brigade. To the right—near where Pickett started—was the First Brigade; to the left, the Third. Opposite, but far off and to the right, along Cemetery Ridge, were the State artillery and cavalry, with the troop and battery of regulars still further along, towards Little Round Top. Yet, with the very large parade-ground, the division was cramped for space in the grand review on Thursday. There was ample room for drill. Reveille was at 5 A.M., and each day by that time the General Commander was in the saddle, and no man knew where he might not turn up. Once he caught a roll-call in progress and the officer in bed. It was bad luck, but good experience. Bad weather prevented drilling till the third afternoon; but on Wednesday the First Brigade's smooth drill showed what admirable schooling the men had had, and during the last days drills of all sorts and sizes were going on. As a small instance, extended-order drill in some companies had been commented on as unsatisfactory, the officers being still confused by their memory of the old tactics. I saw some boys in gray flannel shirts ceaselessly driving at this one morning in the hot sun, while near by the cavalry was profiting by the precept and example of that admirable F. Troop of the Seventh United States Cavalry. Their presence was a pleasure and a benefit. It is a pity that certain papers hastened to exaggerate some school-boy tricks of these men. With Chicago and Sacramento still fresh, this is peculiarly not the time to misrepresent the soldier. Battery E, Third United States Artillery, well horsed, and pretty as the turning wheels of a clock, was also on hand, ready to be of use or ornament—and it was both. I wish we had worked these well-wishing regulars harder. Ceremonials were many. But some critics forget that ceremony is good for the soldier, dignifying his profession to him. Moreover, while the review looked like a pageant, that splendid formation of the division, where every man of the 8600 fell into place like a machine, showed we know how to handle large bodies of troops. Without inspections and reviews, how test the results of previous work? It has been suggested that more field service could have been learned, and somebody besides one army officer (and me his echo) should tell those boys not to pitch their tents so wide. Don't you know that wet canvas shrinks, and ropes tear out of holes?

Never mind. Some two dozen officers of the regular army came to see, and seeing, said, "Those boys can take care of themselves." And truly that splendid review, that moving soldier sea, its waves advancing in column of battalions, beautiful straight lines drawn with horses and men as with ruler and pencil, the colors, the drifting music, and silent above the living the monuments of the dead—Gettysburg, you brought the emotions near the surface!

The Adjutant-General told me it was circumstances, not men, that had done this. Pooh! He knows better. Hartranft after 1877, our Governor (in spite of an over-cautious use of troops), and himself to-day, with many others, have profited by circumstances. Did circumstances give us that excellent hospital drill? Have they brought the Third Regiment into the improved tone for which its colonel is congratulated? And who taught the Second that soldierly endurance of inexcusable discomfort at breaking camp? Was it the Quartermaster-General or circumstances that got people and things to Homestead? If any one needs a model for a mess, look at the china, the clean knives, and the kitchen of Company E of the Tenth; the whole Second Brigade was well policed—streets clean, sinks odorless; and I laughed too well at the "Hoodoo Guard," Company F of the Third, not to think such lighter doings a help in promoting a good spirit. These things all mean a good man somewhere.

No; circumstances make and men take opportunities. Calamity has schooled Pennsylvania to a sane and sound idea about militia; men have acted on that idea. Calamity in Chicago, California, and elsewhere has lately cured many diseased opinions concerning our regular army. Its General-Commander himself admitted that he had changed his mind, and that the army should be larger. I am glad the general has changed his mind; it is quite a surprise. The average American knows nothing and cares nothing about the dangers that threaten his country—until they touch his pocket. Recently a manufacturer turned militiamen out of his employ for absence at the encampment, and thousands in this country are like him. So long as the average American business man can walk unimpeded between his house and his office and make money, riots are nothing to him. He sits within the magic circle of his dollar, as cynical and selfish as that other imbecile who fiddled while his town was burning. It remains to be seen if, like Pennsylvania in a small way, the United States in a large way has had a sufficiently severe lesson to place a correct value upon the soldier. If not, may we have one soon—before, what with the Debses, the Waites, the Altgelds, the Pennoyers, and the Markhams, we are become altogether rotten.

OWEN WISTER.

KIANGNAN ARSENAL.

BY ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

THERE are four arsenals in the Celestial Empire, viz., the Kiangnan, Tien-Tsin, Foo-Choo, and Nanking. Those of Foo-Choo and Kiangnan are the largest. The latter is situated about three miles from the foreign settlement at Shanghai, and is on the banks of the muddy Hwangpoo. It comprises a small ship-building yard, with every requisite for the construction of ships of the size of the gunboats built in England for the Chinese government. Attached thereto are a capital dry-dock and engineering-works, including a small-arms factory, shot and shell factory, gun and carriage factory, and a large brass and iron foundry, with, of course, the necessary store-houses. Two or three miles further up the river, and on the same side, are extensive powder-works and a cartridge department. The entire arsenal covers an area of considerably over 200 acres, and is under the supreme direction of a mandarin, Li Ming, Viceroy of the Liang-Kiang—in which are included the provinces of Kiang-su, Kiang-si, and An-hui—and Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of Tchili and Governor of Tien-Tsin. With the exception of the small-arms factory, there is an Englishman or a Scotchman at the head of every department. For instance, Mr. John Mackenzie, from Armstrong's works at Newcastle, and who was formerly superintendent of the Turkish arsenal, has charge of the heavy-ordnance department; Mr. Samuel Ballard, the cartridge factory; Mr. John Atkinson, the powder-works; while Mr. John Rennie superintends the ship-building yard. Mr. John M. Allen is superintendent marine engineer, and Herr Leo Brettcheineider is military instructor.

Throughout various departments and at the powder manufactory at Loong-wha there are from 2500 to 3000 men employed, and although none of them have to serve anything like a formal apprenticeship to the particular branch they follow, such as American artisans do, there is a general consensus of opinion amongst the heads of departments that Chinese labor, "skilled and unskilled," will bear very favorable comparison with that of our own mechanics at home. The only difference there is between the two—if, indeed, there be a difference at all—is that the Celestials will not work under high pressure, but will take their own time over everything, no matter what its urgency. And they have their own secret societies, which, after the pattern of English trades unions, see that their members do not do too much work or take too little pay. The scale of remuneration ranges from $2 to $3 a week to the coolies to $70, $80, and $90 a month to the foremen, the mean being $6 to $7 per week. And when it is remembered that they live mainly on rice and similarly inexpensive dishes, and, huddling together in wretched habitations, pay next to nothing for rent, and do not wear fine clothes, it will be seen that they have abundant opportunities for saving money. Their hours of labor average nine hours a day, and they leave off two hours earlier on Saturdays, and have Sundays entirely to themselves. As work-people their steadiness can be relied upon, for they do not drink, and it is only a comparative few that indulge in opium-smoking.

The chief difficulty experienced by Europeans in dealing with Chinese mechanics is that they have an almost invincible repugnance to innovations, improvements, or, in fact, anything new.

During the past two years the heavy-ordnance department at Kiangnan arsenal has turned out eighteen 40-pounders on the Armstrong principle, half of which have gone to Tien-Tsin, and the other half to Nanking. A 120-pounder, seven inches in interior diameter, polygrooved according to the latest system at home, though not in the latest style for length of gun, is now ready for proof, and material is in store for twenty more of such guns and twenty 80-pounders, which are to be manufactured in due course; but as these guns are turned out only at the rate of one every month or six weeks, it is impossible to say when they will be finished. All the raw material for these guns is brought out in bars of iron and steel from England, and, as is done at home, these iron bars are coiled into spiral cylinders and welded into solid coils, bored and turned preparatory to their being contracted on the steel barrels, their several dimensions being gauged to a minuteness of one-ten-thousandth part of an inch. The 40-pounders which have been finished are beautifully bronzed, and mounted on rear-chock carriages of the American service pattern. They are made principally of mahogany and tastefully polished, and were also constructed in the arsenal. In the small-arms factory there are about two hundred men engaged, who contrive amongst them, under native direction, to turn out ten rifles a day, with bayonets complete.

Probably all the work done at the other arsenals would not more than double the results obtained from the Kiangnan arsenal, as Foo-Choo arsenal is chiefly devoted to ship-building. Cartridges are at present manufactured in the Kiangnan arsenal at the rate of 25,000 a day. So far as the gun factory, the shot and shell factory, and the small-arms factory are concerned, they are entirely on European models, while the work produced, so far as a casual observer can see, is equal to anything done at home. What becomes of the arms manufactured here is at present enshrouded in some mystery, as few, if any, troops can be seen with them.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD·

A PARAGRAPH in the WEEKLY of August 18th, about the mischievous possibilities of the mongoose when brought away from India, where he belongs, has brought a letter from a naval officer, who tells what he knows about the results of the importation of the mongoose into Jamaica. He says that it was brought there about twenty years ago to fight the destructive sugar-cane rat. This it did quickly and effectually; and then, having time on its hands, attacked and destroyed all the snakes and lizards, "the result being that ticks—small, venomous, pin-head in size—multiplied enormously"; so much so that on the north coast (to which our informant's observations were confined) one could not leave the road without being attacked by them—and to be set upon by ticks is no joke, for they creep from the feet all over the body, and bore under the skin, making a bad sore. Next the mongoose preyed upon all birds nesting in the ground, exterminating many, and driving the rest to the mountains or the highest trees, and after that began on the hens. But that was too much, and in 1871 a royal commission sat on him, and recommended his extirpation.

Doubtless the mongooses that Mr. Belmont has taken to Newport will be kept caged, and not allowed to increase and multiply in the land. Possibly use could be made of them in the vicinity of Boston, where, report says, there are now twenty thousand Buddhists, and prospects of more. The Buddhist, like the mongoose, is an Indian creature, and while it cannot be confidently stated that the mongoose is useful at home in keeping the stock of Buddhists within bounds, if it should turn out that these interesting exotics are a natural check upon one another they might perhaps be brought together in Boston with beneficial results. Mr. Kipling, who has got back to Vermont, would know all about Buddhists, and mongooses too, and would be able to advise experimenters as to their effect upon one another, and also as to the best way of bringing them together.

Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted thinks it a pity that the Palisades should be used as a quarry. He is in favor of having the tract of land which borders on them acquired by the city of New York as a park. If Mr. Olmsted gets his deserts our grandchildren will set up statues of him on favorable sites all over the country. Everywhere he goes he looks out for the interests of posterity, and works to bring it about that the world may be more satisfactory and beautiful for our descendants to live in. Of course he is right about the Palisades. His suggestions are habitually wise, and happily nowadays they usually get strong support.

There is a slight divergence from the truth of history in a line in a recent paragraph printed in this corner of the WEEKLY, which states that "none of the Easy Chair essays were printed during Mr. Curtis's life." The first of the little Easy Chair volumes that have been published was made up of essays selected by Mr. Curtis himself, and was issued during his lifetime. An old friend of Mr. Curtis writes that he has a copy of this first series, inscribed: "To —— ——, from his friend of sinister aspect, the Easy Chair. Christmas, 1891." The "sinister aspect" is an allusion to the portrait in the front of the volume, wherein art denied to the Easy Chair's features much of the amenity with which nature had endowed them.

With the reconstruction of the campus, which is now to include all the block bounded by Elm, High, Wall, and College streets, Yale is to get a new official in the person of a college porter, for whom a lodge is in process of erection, with a proper orifice in its wall, from which its occupant can inspect all candidates for admission to the college precincts, and determine whether or not to let them in. According to the New Haven *Register*, it will be possible to make this gate the sole entrance to the campus, the other spaces between the buildings that surround it being closed by iron fences. If the fences are high enough, it may be practicable for President Dwight to learn every morning just how late his young men were exposed the night before to the temptations of the outer world. Parents of Yale undergraduates will learn with satisfaction of the additional security thus afforded to their young at an impressionable age.

The discussion which has been going on of late in the columns of sundry newspapers as to the lawfulness of suicide seems not to show any considerable prospect of profit. The only safe advice to give persons contemplating suicide is, "Don't!" Thousands of people who have thought very seriously of killing themselves and have not done so have been glad afterwards that they didn't, but it cannot be certainly averred that any one who did commit suicide was glad afterwards that he did. The only safe rule about suicide is not to do it. If there are exceptions they will take care of themselves. The summer has been remarkably prolific of news, and there is little excuse for any newspaper to deal with the usual desultory summer themes, but if there is space to be filled that gapes for something out of common, it can easily be fitted with less dangerous matter than defences of suicide. Discussion of even such question as "Is Mr. Howells an anarchist?"—now so much affected by the daily press—makes tolerable reading, and does no one any harm.

Clara P. Boss, a Boston woman, has been complaining to the *Transcript* about Trilby. "One might pardon," she says, "her early faults; but, according to her own confession, she offered to be everything save a wife to her lover, and after her one-sided sense of honor made her fly from him, she returned and threw herself into the protection of a man whom she supposed to be possessed of a wife and children."

It will be remarked that the fault this critic finds with Trilby is really not that she was not good, but that, judged by conventional standards, she was not exemplary. Inasmuch as no sane young woman of respectable connections and proper training is likely to use her as a pattern, there would seem to be no special hazard in rejoicing in her goodness without special concern for her divagations from the conventional usages. It is not essential to goodness that one should be versed in the rules of correct behavior. What is essential is that one should have love and truth in one's heart, and act them out. That was where Trilby was strong. She had so much love and so much truth inside of her that she was able to get along without many ingredients which are proper to the make-up of ordinary people, and very useful for their guidance. In her nature and her attitude toward the world she was a child—a sweet and simple child, such as, we are told, the Kingdom of Heaven is peopled with. It may be a sad thought to some Boston women that goodness should be consistent with a considerable indifference to decorum, but it really does happen so sometimes, especially with children. Mrs. Boss's letter called out many replies, the majority of which attested Trilby's remarkable power to make warm friends.

When the *Transcript's* correspondent speaks of Trilby as "a woman of confessedly low character," she makes a curious mistake. In her youth Trilby fell into some lamentable errors, due chiefly to ignorance, but her character as it has been drawn is almost superhumanly strong, unselfish, and pure. If she did not repent when death came near her (complaint is made about that too), it was because she had already repented, unsparingly and with meet works, of all the evil-doing she was conscious of, and having no malice or envy or unkindness in her heart, she had nothing left to repent of, unless it was the mere fact of being a human creature, and the need of repenting of that was a refinement of theology which she had never learned.

There are some words which are vulgarized by contraction, and some the contracted form of which gets authoritative recognition. The Queen herself might say "'bus" for "omnibus," and not feel that she had done unwarranted violence to her English. But she would not say "pants" for "pantaloons," nor "photo" for "photograph," nor "'phone" for "telephone." Neither would she "wire" a message, though telegraph is a longer word. How would it be with "bicycle"? She would hardly say "bike." But could she say "wheel," and not feel conscious of a vulgarism? The opinion that obtains in this paragraph is that she could not, and that, as between "bike" and "wheel," "bike" is the better word, because it is commonly used with a certain conscious audacity, and without any pretence that it is not slang. But when one calls a bicycle a "wheel," he must take the risk of the assumption that he knows no better, and that if "wheel" in that sense is a vulgarism, he is guilty of it. Life is short, and trisyllabic words take time, but if one values one's reputation for elegance in diction, it is still probably safer to call a bicycle a "bicycle," and make up the time on some older word.

Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago, author of the forth-coming book *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, has been nominated for Congress by the Populists of the Seventh Illinois District. He was formerly an editor on the Chicago *Tribune*. Politics and book-writing go hand in hand.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL.

THE WATERWAY FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE GULF.

THE Chicago Drainage Canal is the most important public work now being executed in the world.

Chicago occupies the vantage site of the largest area of resourceful land which our race can occupy. Between the great St. Lawrence Valley on the north and the greater Mississippi to the south lies one pass two hundred feet lower than any other. At the heart of this pass sits Chicago. Nature has given her claim to the title that she has taken to herself—"The City of Destiny."

There was a time when, at a higher level, the lakes poured their flood of waters down the present valley of the Illinois River into the Mississippi. To-day, standing on the low summit of the water-shed of the Illinois, one is but thirty feet above the rocky ledge of Niagara. Here lay the physical opportunity to renew the ancient southern outlet of the lakes, and to complete the circle of deep waterways by joining the Gulf of St. Lawrence with that other distant Gulf of the South.

In the midst of panic and social disorder, when enterprise East and West was paralyzed, the work of this momentous waterway went steadily on. The West of the pioneer is gone. Its good lands are privately owned. The westward wave of population has passed. Future increase will develop the latent resources passed over in the rush. A new era has begun for these great valleys.

Experience has given the data for a law upon which should be based all future canal construction. It is this: Railroads cannot compete with water-carriage in hulls of a thousand tons or over. That is their limit of economic endurance. In no instance have railways won against deep interior waterways. The day of small trunk canals is over; that of deep wide channels is recognized.

The need to a rapidly increasing population of pure water, surface drainage, and sewerage removal has wrought a consummation to the old dreams of Joliet and Clinton. The resolve and enthusiasm so lately dedicated to that international enterprise, the fair, have now turned to this national work, whose commercial influence even the city itself is only gradually grasping.

The canal was projected primarily to insure sewerage removal. The periodical floods of the Des Plaines, which forced the city drainage to Lake Michigan, have been already diverted into a permanent channel. The sewerage of a population whose stock-yards make it equivalent to that of a city of two and a half millions will be rendered harmless by dilution and borne away. In addition, new harbor conditions will be evolved for a port already first in the country; and the bridge problem, which has wasted the time of hundreds of thousands, will be solved. The demands of the exposition perfected the railway service of the city. Street transit, with its network of cable, electric, and elevated systems, has kept pace with growth, and terminal track elevation, abolishing railway grade crossings, has been inaugurated. The final housing of the great merchants in structures whose location and mechanical design will relieve the congested team traffic of its business streets will soon come. Chicago will be intrenched in commercial advantages without a possible parallel.

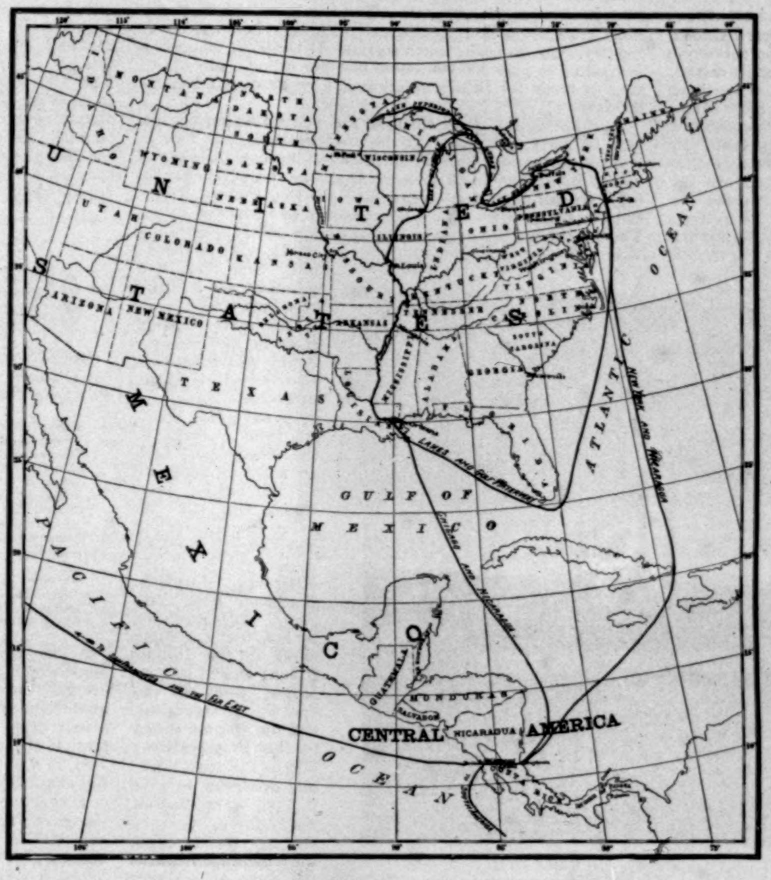
The large commercial use of the canal, aside from the practical extension of Lake Michigan thirty miles further west, involves the improvement of the Illinois to its junction with the Mississippi. This should admit the passing of vessels drawing fourteen feet of water. It is unfortunate that the government works in this really noble river could not have been planned with better reference to the future. Removal of the old dams will be imperative, and it is well that the Sanitary District has authority under the laws of its creation to safeguard the new flood, and in so doing to make a proper initiative toward carrying the deep waterway to the Mississippi. The Mississippi Commission—who are privileged to assist that stream in controlling itself—will have the lakes as a storage reservoir to aid their labors.

The Hennepin Canal is a national enterprise for the connection of the upper waters of the Mississippi with the lakes, across the State of Illinois. The construction of the Drainage Canal provides for one end of the old Hennepin project, and the government plans should be modified so that the boats which shall be used upon its waters may be of the size necessary to give to the area which it commercially serves the advantages inherent in water-carriage.

In the early opposition which this enterprise met, the permanent lowering of the lake levels was a frequent argument. Its enemies have, however, been obliged to concede that the volume of water abstracted will make so inconsiderable a difference that it will hardly be detected in the face of the much greater fluctuations occasioned by winds and differences of atmospheric pressure.

Canada has, so far, led the United States in waterway construction. In time of war it would be feasible for Great Britain, through the canals of this progressive province, to put upon the lakes naval forces which we have not the conditions to meet. But when this Chicago work is completed, without violation of existing treaties the United States will be enabled to more than offset the very large advantage which Canada now possesses.

Only from the firm belief of the interior population in a great impetus to cities along the Illinois River has it been possible to secure the legislative co-operation necessary for the inception of actual work. They see the commercial procession which will traverse the State, comparable only to that which passes through the Detroit River, and there is nothing within the range of possibilities for St. Louis, Memphis, and the interests of the Southern States to be compared with the benefits which will come from the cheaper exchange of the products of the North and South. The District Committee on Federal Relations is collecting and collating all the evidence and arguments obtainable to finally enlist the full co-operation of the government in promoting all the commercial, military, and naval possibilities of this canal, and in securing deep river improvement to the Gulf.



PRINCIPAL WATERWAYS OF NORTH AMERICA.

The consequences in sanitation to inland towns along the course of the projected canal have been a source of constant solicitude. To Chicago it can bring only good; there is no other solution to its drainage problem. In the great dilution and oxidation of its sewerage, and in the great industrial and commercial recompenses, lie the elements which command the co-operation of places past which the laden current may run. So far as interior towns and St. Louis are interested in the rivers as sources of water supply, it should be borne in mind that the constant growth of cities and towns draining into the Des Plaines and Illinois will inevitably diminish the potability of their waters—a condition only to be alleviated by a great constant current from Lake Michigan.

Numerous surveys for this project have been made during the past fifty years under State and national auspices. The designs of early promoters disclose successive enlargements, from the canoe ditch of Joliet to the present assured channel, with a prism exceeding that of any other canal now existing. Government engineers have come to and gone from Chicago, leaving each his record of whole or partial favor, but the work has been saved from its friends until the appointed time for Chicago execution.

The general law of 1889 for the incorporation of sanitary districts in Illinois was a product of recognized necessity. Its adoption was greatly due to the energy and persistence of Mr. L. E. Cooley, now one of the trustees, ably seconded by those to whom he communicated his convictions and enthusiasm. For many years an artificial current has been induced in a portion of the Chicago River by pumping from the South Branch at Bridgeport into the old Illinois and Michigan Canal. This channel was completed by the State in 1848, and deepened by Chicago in 1871 to Lockport. Almost the only freight now transported along its black water is stone from the quarries of the lime belt. Pumping operations will continue during the Sanitary Canal construction, as it is considered best to concentrate all effort upon that, leaving to subsequent periods the auxiliary channels which will serve the extreme north and south sections of Chicago.

The Sanitary District comprises at present the whole city north of Eighty-seventh Street, and some forty-three square miles of Cook County beyond those boundaries, to be likewise benefited. The area embraces a population of 1,500,000, and property assessed for taxation amounting to $250,000,000. The law provides that elective trustees may levy and collect annual taxes for carrying on their sanitary work up to one-half of one per cent. of the value of taxable property in the district. They may issue bonds up to five per cent. of taxable value—not to exceed, however, $15,000,000.

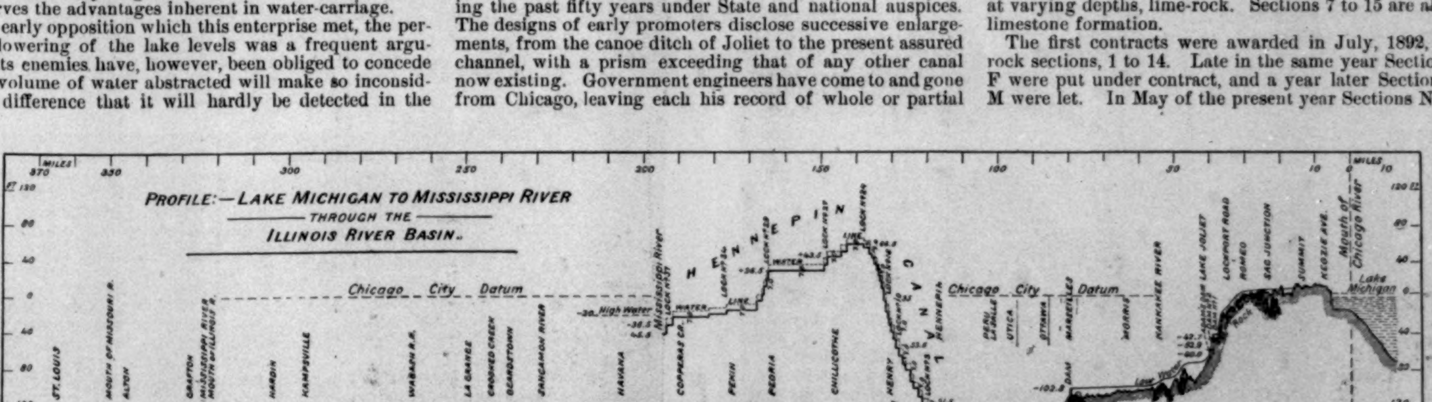
The organization is entirely separate from the Chicago municipal government. The Board of Trustees contains nine members, organized with seven standing committees, covering Judiciary, Finance, Rules, Engineering, Health and Public Order, Federal Relations, and Labor. The present Board—heirs to a time of tedious preparation and incubation—is a body of able men, growing daily more efficient through experiences for which no precedents have set them guidance. The hand upon the judiciary helm has been sure and steady, and has guided the ship safely through right-of-way acquisitions and contract relations.

In engineering, the objects and results of the work are understood. It is recognized that no man can see what is beneath the ground, and contractors who display ability and spirit are sure of the just application of the principle that the people do not want private fortunes unwillingly devoted to their public works. The ancient glaciers left as many unexpected forms of drift along the middle ten miles as ever upset the calculations of an engineer or undid a successful bidder.

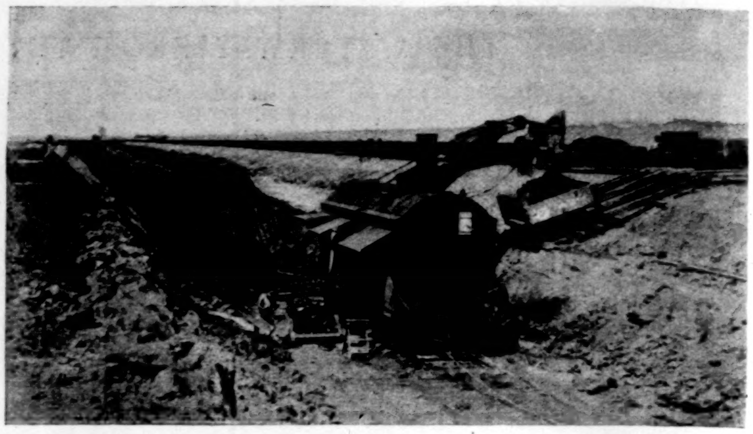
The hospital and police service is thoroughly organized. The health of the forces has been exceptional, and strict order is preserved from end to end by the district marshal and some sixty officers. The prompt payment of wages, and the physical comfort of labor, are insisted upon, and the whole influence of the board is thrown in favor of temperance wherever it can avail.

The main trunk, now under contract, begins at Bridgeport on the South Branch of the Chicago River, and extends southwesterly to a point in the valley of the Des Plaines near Lockport, Illinois, a distance of about thirty miles. For contract purposes this length is divided into mile sections, numbered from one to fifteen, beginning at the half-way point, Willow Springs, and lettered toward the city from A to O. Sections G to O, inclusive, consist mainly of plastic and dry blue and bowlder clay, with occasional sandy pockets. They are all overlaid by from three to seven feet of prairie soil and yellow clayey loam. Sections F and E, situated where the Des Plaines changes from its southerly course abruptly southwestward, are at their dividing line underlaid with lime-rock covered with a layer of bowlders, water-bearing sand capped in places with cemented gravelly clay, and other forms of river deposit and earth. Section D and part of C have no underlying rock, and are more favorable in general character. Sections A and B and part of C lie wholly in the old bed of the Des Plaines, and excavation discloses water-washed bowlders and gravel, overlaid by alluvial deposits. Sections 1 to 6, again, are of various forms of glacial drift, covering in places, at varying depths, lime-rock. Sections 7 to 15 are all in the limestone formation.

The first contracts were awarded in July, 1892, for the rock sections, 1 to 14. Late in the same year Sections A to F were put under contract, and a year later Sections G to M were let. In May of the present year Sections N and O,


PROFILE:—LAKE MICHIGAN TO MISSISSIPPI RIVER THROUGH THE ILLINOIS RIVER BASIN.

SECTION 2.—DRILLING AND SHOVELLING CEMENTS, CLAY, AND BOWLDERS.



SECTION L.—STEAM-SHOVEL WORK.

next to the city, were given out, and at this writing the last mile, Section 15, embracing the final spillway works into the Des Plaines, is advertised.

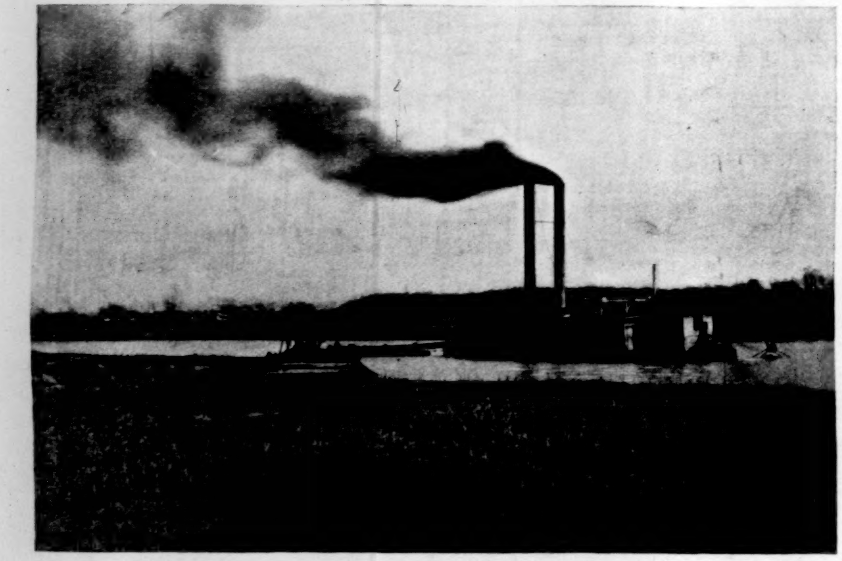
The first shovelful, amid general rejoicing and enthusiastic prophecies, was thrown September 3, 1892, near Lemont.

A practical requisite was the diversion and control of the Des Plaines River, whose old bed must be in part traversed. The Des Plaines is ordinarily a small slow stream, whose long valley extends up into Wisconsin parallel with Lake Michigan. But the water-shed is extensive, and the records show that from melting snows or excessive rains it is liable any month in the year to cause high water. When swollen thus it is a sweeping river of 800,000 cubic feet per minute, which pours part of its yellow flood down its own flat valley, and part into the Chicago River, especially through the Ogden Ditch, cut through the low divide of the continental water-shed. One million dollars were spent upon the "River Diversion" channel. During 1893 over thirteen miles of new river cut were excavated, and nearly twenty miles of protective levees were built to prevent the overflowing of canal excavations. The width of the low-water cross-section of this new bed is two hundred feet.

To prevent the inroad of flood waters into the Chicago River and the driving of the sewerage-laden current into the lake at every sudden rainfall, a concrete dam was built near the mouth of the Ogden Ditch, and now no water flows toward the lake over its crest until the Des Plaines River volume exceeds 300,000 cubic feet per minute. The top of this spillway is sixteen and twenty-five-hundredths ($16\frac{25}{100}$) feet above Lake Michigan, which in turn is five hundred sixty-three and thirty-six-hundredths ($563\frac{36}{100}$) feet above the ocean.

The cross-section areas and grades of the main canal in the Sections 1 to 15 and A to F are calculated to pass 600,000 cubic feet per minute, adapted to the sanitary uses of a district population of 3,000,000. The excavation of these sections must, from their geological formation, be executed in the dry. In the easier earth sections, G to O, the channel is calculated to pass 300,000 cubic feet per minute, and allowance is made for future enlargement by dredges when demanded.

The descending grade through the lettered sections is one foot in forty-thousand; in the rock sections, one foot in twenty thousand. Section 15 involves the construction of works to control the discharge from the drainage channel into the tail-race, and thence into the Des Plaines River. Below Lockport the valley falls rapidly to a basin at Joliet. The fall to the upper basin, from datum at the controlling works, will be about forty-two feet in a distance of a little over four miles.



SECTIONS A AND B.—BATES HYDRAULIC DREDGE.

The main cutting made by the Sanitary Board will constitute over two-thirds of the entire cost of making a deep navigable channel from Chicago to the Mississippi, such as will be adequate for the largest boats which can run between St. Louis and New Orleans when the present plans of the Mississippi Commission have been completed. It is provided by law that the State dams in the Illinois River shall be removed prior to the opening of the canal, and the volume added to the Illinois River will be sufficient without dredging to give it over seven feet of water during its lower stages. But to effect the final improvement the new government dams also will have to be removed, and 50,000,000 yards of sand and clayey excavation will be required to open the Illinois for vessels of fourteen-foot draught. The great strides in the art of dredging made within the last five years will prove invaluable to its speedy and economical accomplishment. Locks will have to be provided between Lockport and La Salle to overcome the fall of one hundred and forty-one feet between these points. With the completion of the government works upon the twenty-foot channel to Buffalo and Duluth, navigation of the lakes will be connected with 15,000 miles of practical waterways in the valley of the Mississippi.

Engineering problems have arisen chiefly through the greatness of the undertaking, the diversity of the material, and the opposition of the interests affected by the project. The Chicago and Alton and the Chicago, Santa Fe, and California railroads run mainly upon the opposite sides of the canal. It has been necessary to change the line of the Santa Fe in several instances, with, however, considerable advantage to the railroad company because of better location. It will be necessary in the vicinity of the city to make crossings for the Inner Belt, Calumet Terminal Line, Pan-Handle, and other railroad systems, which will be done by bridges so designed as to interfere the least possible with land and water traffic. It has been found requisite, also, to provide protection for the old Illinois and Michigan Canal, owned by the State. This lies parallel to the new channel, and now carries off sewerage waters pumped from the Bridgeport works. The following table shows the total estimated original quantities, the actual work, and per cent. accomplished to August 1, 1894:

Classification.	Original quantities estimated. Cubic yards.	Quantities excavated to August 1, 1894. Cubic yards.	Per cent. excavated.
Main channel, glacial drift...	26,598,237	6,855,072	26
Main channel, solid rock.....	11,089,541	3,213,447	29
River diversion, glacial drift.	1,658,384	1,483,439	89
River diversion, solid rock...	260,561	250,871	96

During the past month of July there were handled 1,117,934 cubic yards of glacial drift, 369,882 cubic yards solid rock. To attain this result the average daily force employed was:

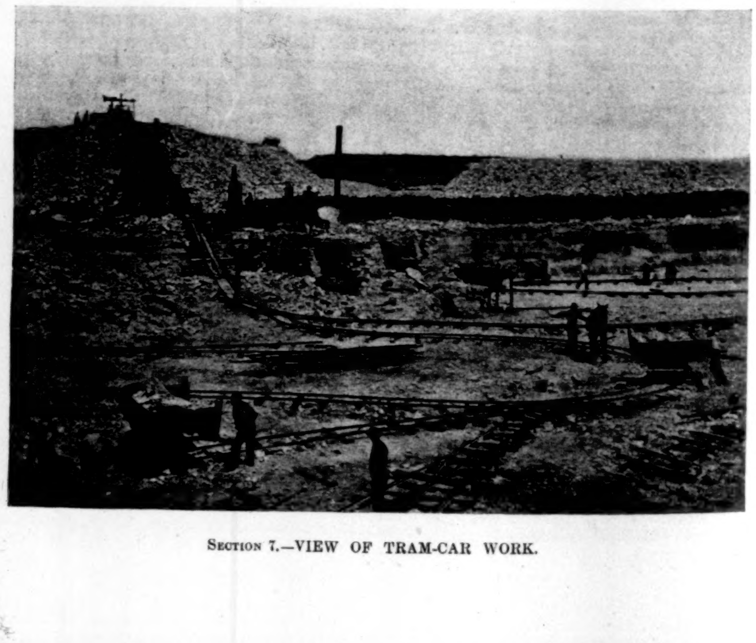
Men, including drivers of teams	5624
Teams	597
Steam-shovels	27
Steam or air pumps	72
Steam or air drills	114
Steam or air hoists	24
Channellers	57
Air-compressors	9
Conveyers	37
Locomotives	23
Cars	810
Dredges	9
"New Era" graders	9
Steam tow-boats	4
Dump scows	17

A comparison of characteristic cross-sections from the Manchester, Suez, North Sea, Panama, and Nicaragua will disclose the relative magnitude of the Chicago canal. Its quantities are very nearly the same as those displaced in constructing the Manchester, and it should be to the satisfaction of Americans to learn that our work of excavation will be executed for less than one-half the expenditure of the English work.

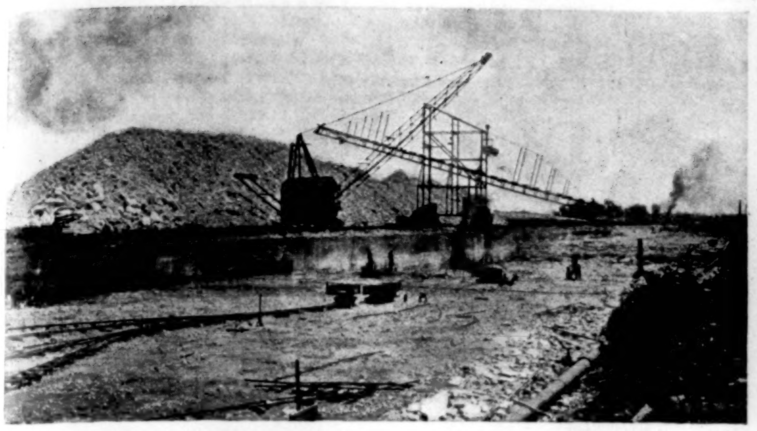
The economical advantages to Chicago and the people along the sixteen hundred miles to the Gulf from the construction of the canal will be incalculable. General Poe, in charge of the twenty-foot waterway improvement of the lakes, is authority for the statement that the saving to the public in 1890 alone was $135,000,000—two-thirds of all the expenditures of the government upon rivers and harbors up to that date. Water-carriage adds but six and a half per cent. to the average value of goods, while railway freightage adds forty-five per cent. Who can doubt that this explains the enormous relative increase of wealth and population of deep lake ports over Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and New Orleans? A fourteen-foot waterway to the Gulf, if it follows the precedent of lake development, will be lined with manufacturing towns, supplying the wants of near consumers. The South especially will receive a commercial impetus. The increased demand upon her forests alone will bring hundreds of cargoes of lumber and ties yearly to Northern markets.

Every great opening of communication and commerce from one part of the country to another is followed by beneficial results. This is especially true of water routes and navigation. Except by canal-boats between Chicago and

SECTION 1.—BRIDGE CONVEYER—GENERAL VIEW.



SECTION 7.—VIEW OF TRAM-CAR WORK.



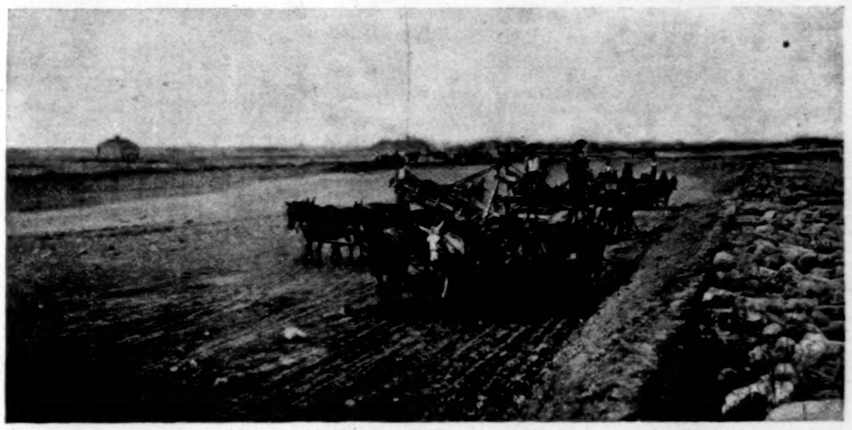
Section 7.—GENERAL VIEW OF ROCK CUT.

Section 8.—SHOWING CUT OF CHANNELLING-MACHINE IN FOREGROUND.

Peoria and nearer points, the lakes and the Mississippi have had no interchange of water commerce. Of a certainty many new trades will spring up, and old ones now conducted by rail will be enlarged. All the products of the States thus made accessible, together with those of the West Indies, Central and South America, will find a cheaper way to good markets, while the manufactures of the lake region will have a convenient outlet in return. The new traffic will support many of the best of our working population. New classes of vessels will be required and built. New life will be given to our Northwestern system of internal navigation. Ship-building will be especially benefited. The national security will be doubled in war-time, through the adding of our lake ship-yard plants to those of the coast for the building and repairing of armed vessels. In time of peace the lake ship-builders will be able to compete with the coast, and it may cost the government less for its navy, while the skill requisite for naval construction will be advantageously distributed among the States. Not the least of the benefits of the navigation to be established by the canal will be our independence of the control of Great Britain in passing vessels from the lakes to the ocean and return. The "free navigation of the St. Lawrence," so much counted on by their representatives in every deal with the United States, will lose importance. In fact, for much of the grain and provisions now transported *viâ* the St. Lawrence and the Erie Canal, the new route *viâ* the Gulf will be a strong competitor in the hands of our lake ship-owners. Their advent to the ocean carrying trade, if made through our own territory, will have a more assured prospect of success and continuance.

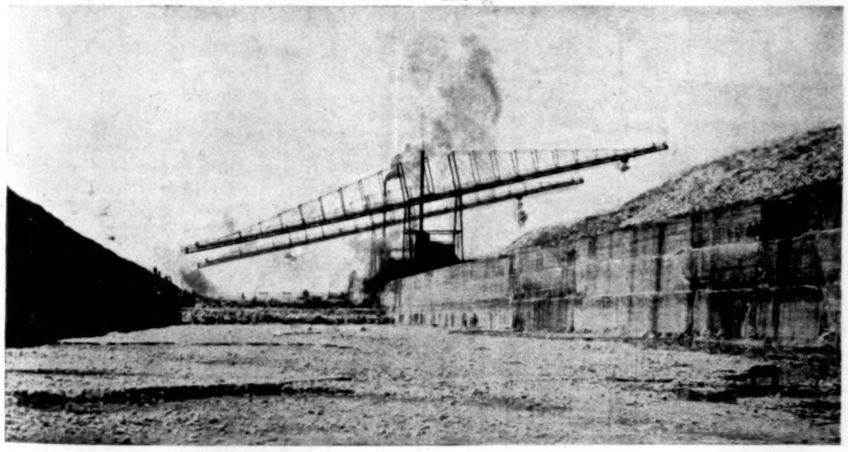
A continuous water-power to supply manufactories will be created from the unfailing reservoir of the lake—a water-power three times as great as that of Minneapolis. This will be quickly utilized by Eastern firms, who are coming to realize that to retain their trade and prestige they must be nearer to the centres of consumption.

It was a wise policy which divided the work into mile sections for purposes of contract execution. At the time of the first award there were in the field a group of large contractors previously engaged upon the mechanical construction of the fair, and a second group set free by the closing of active railroad extension. These all wanted new work, so competition was keen, though experience in excavation of this nature was limited. Railroad building had evolved a scale of safe prices, which, however, could not apply here, and it would seem that the first successful bidders had sought most to gauge what their neighbors would figure, and had set their first estimates to a guess. There was, besides, no adequate conception of methods, and only after contracts were let were ways and means systematically canvassed. The ordinary contractor is conservative, and wary of new schemes for excavation. A "survival of the fittest" period set in, and in the course of a year or so from the beginning, contractors who could not rise to the emergency assigned their work to those whose ability was demonstrated by success. Some had their work taken from them by the District, after fair opportunity, and relet to others.



Section D.—THE "NEW ERA" GRADER.

It is interesting to note that the present contractors come from all parts of the United States, and that those who represent the *South* lead the vanguard of accomplishment. Kentucky, Texas, and Oregon, Pennsylvania and Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, and Indiana have contributed to the band who came to co-operate with Illinois in this achievement.



Section 10.—CANTILEVER-MACHINE HANDLING BROKEN ROCK.

There are seventeen contracting firms now working. During the summer of 1893 the force aggregated 10,000 men, largely employed upon the river division. No two of the contractors thought out alike their problem of doing much digging for little money. With the experience of Suez, Panama, Corinth, and Manchester before them, they adopted none of the characteristic French, German, or English methods, but invoking the genius of American invention, set boldly out along untried paths to wring from the fate of low prices reputation and profit.

Mr. Jackson, of the contracting firm on Section 10, first grasped the thought which when crystallized produced Brown's cantilever hoist—a balanced steel-framed truss 342 feet long, which reaches over the canal prism and across a 50-foot berme and over a mountainous spoil bank whose apex may be 90 feet above the ground. This machine, with clock-work precision, takes away about 600 cubic yards per day—all that men can load upon its buckets from the dynamite-shattered rock face of the excavation.

There are now in operation eight machines, which take material from the pit muckers and deliver it upon the dump for 15 cents per cubic yard. The price put upon these machines led another contractor, Mr. Locker, to invent an improvement for the cableway, which has resulted in a practical working apparatus costing but one-half the money. The daily output of the cableway is hardly up to that of the cantilever, but it possesses an advantage in being able to handle larger masses of rock.

The high-power derricks, while showing an advance in the derrick principle, are not relatively so successful.

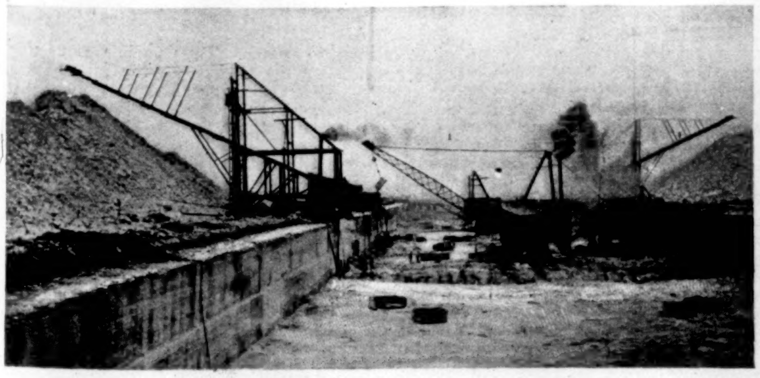
Fourteen thousand cubic yards of rock are now daily moved, requiring the expenditure of seven tons of dynamite. On several rock sections the basin is already excavated to the bottom for considerable distances. Smooth vertical white walls are left by the channelling machines. With blasting-hour comes the roar as of a ten-mile battle front. It is an inspiration to ride along this thoroughly organized array of industrial artillery, and think of the portentous national future which it heralds.

The excavation of the rock is straightforward work with hardly a variable item of expense. There is very little pumping needed here. The glacial drift sections present many more difficulties. American steam-shovels have been mainly built to standard patterns, but are now being adapted to the refractory material often encountered in the glacial drift. Some, however, of the cemented bowlder clay must still be worried out by blasting and hand labor.

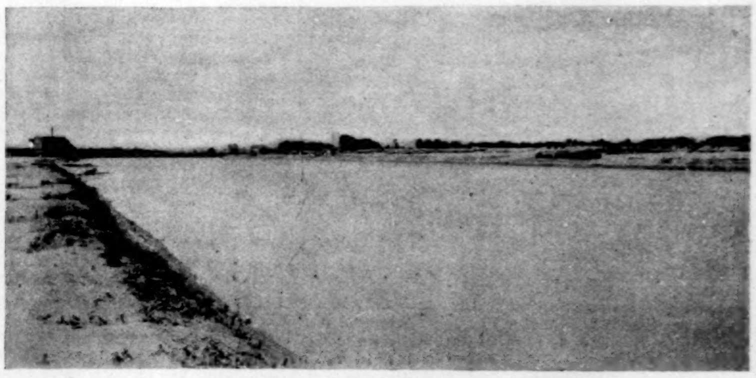
Sections A and B and part of C occupy the old channel of the Des Plaines, and contain a large deposit of alluvium. The contractors are removing this at a remarkable rate by two Bates hydraulic dredges, which average each an excavation, transport, and deposit of 100,000 cubic yards per month, and which have made many daily records of from 8000 to 13,000 cubic yards apiece.

Section D and others have employed for stripping the upper seven feet the New Era grader, a simple and efficient tool.

Upon Section F are air-brakes and air dumping-cars, used in connection with steam-shovels.



Section 9.—HIGH-POWER DERRICKS AT WORK.



Section E.—THE CHANNEL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

SECTION G.—BELT CONVEYER.

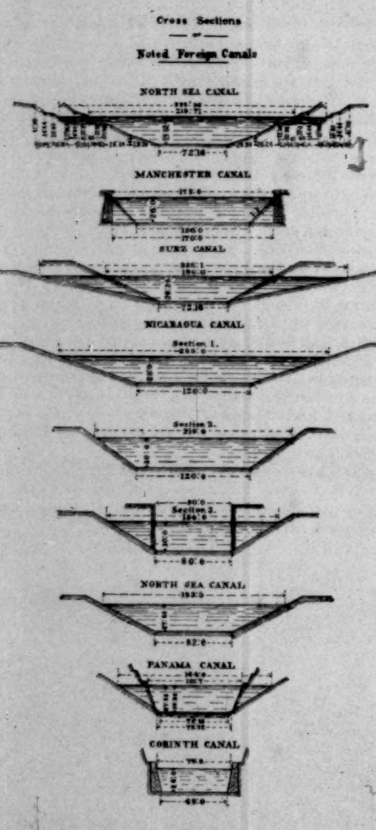
On Sections G and H the contractors have adopted a new conveyer system. A steam-shovel deposits into a granulator, which regularly feeds an endless belt. This is carried by a light steel frame attached to a long truss, spanning the spoil bank. From it the stream of earth may be unloaded at any point by an adjustable plough.

Other contractors have devised an ingenious combination of a steam-shovel and movable incline, with bridge over the spoil bank. They dig the clay with exceptionally large shovel buckets, and deposit into eight-yard cars, which are hauled up by a cable and automatically dumped.

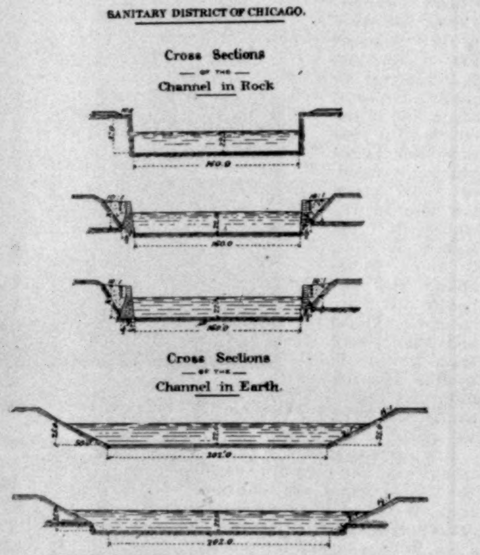
The contractors upon Sections L and M have the lowest earth price upon the canal. They have met their emergency by combining a steam-shovel working lengthwise with a portable incline and self-dumping cars. The average capacity of steam-shovels upon the earth sections is about seven hundred yards per day of ten hours. Sections N and O, next to the Chicago River, are being executed by dipper dredges, and material is towed down the river into Lake Michigan and wasted.

It is one of the evils of great works that all their opportunities are not practically used. This dredged material would make an invaluable park extension upon the Lake Front if properly utilized. The great spoil banks of the completed canal belong to the same public which owns the water front. Were the millions of yards which will obstruct its valuable banks placed where they really belong, what a dream would be actualized!—the creation of a harbor basin whose rock-circling arms would hold the commerce of the Chicago that is to be; a park without a peer, and business property worth $250,000,000, whose revenue to that same public would complete the circle waterway to the Gulf, and would eliminate all taxation for drainage, for sanitation, for extensions, and for the interest upon bonds. So much potency lies in an enlightened public opinion that it is hoped Chicago will lose no time in utilizing its great opportunity.

The Drainage Canal is a practical university, in which several hundred active minds are being trained as Americans have never been before in the work of canal-making. It is an object-lesson to the investing public, who will finally awake and send forth its army of civilians to execute the next step in the world's progress—the building of the Nicaragua. The men are ready; the machinery of success is evolved. Those who will study the Nicaragua in the light of actual achievements here will know that the day is past when its practicability or its imperative need can be questioned.



That other cities will seek the recognized benefits of deep waterways is assured. New York cannot long suffer the limitations of the Erie Canal. She must recarve that route or cut herself a passage through the low Champlain Divide to the St. Lawrence. Having conquered the dominion of the land in unexampled railway extensions, American enterprise must seek and hold the sea. We should stimulate and develop to the utmost the commerce of our rivers, of our lakes, and of our coasts, and we must win back our lost place in the world's carrying trade. For this work there is no city to-day equipped like Chicago, whose outstretched hands of power, touching two gulfs, shall clasp a continent.



CROSS SECTIONS OF DRAINAGE CHANNEL AND WATERWAY.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XVIII.

THE LEVIATHAN TRANSPORTATION LINE.

"IT is strange," said Jones, reflectively, as he puffed vigorously at his cigar, "that Jackson Peters never tells us of any more of his ideas for inventions. The last thing he mentioned was his ingenious notion of putting hinges on the trunks of orchard trees, so that in case of high wind they could be turned down. You never perfected that plan, did you, Jackson?" And Jones turned toward the young man with great apparent interest.

"The thing could be done," answered Peters, as if Jones had cast doubts on its practicability. "And it would be a great boon to fruit-growers in Kansas and other draughty parts of the country. Lately I've been wondering that more progress is not made by inventors in the line of submarine war-boats. If the fish idea won't work, why not take the duck as the living prototype of a vessel, and produce something which can dive, at least."

"Your notion is of a boat which can dive to escape the enemy, and then peck a hole in his hull with its beak, eh?" remarked Jones.

"Well—yes," assented Jackson Peters.

"Would you have it web-footed, and construct it so it could get out and waddle on the beach in connection with land forces?"

"You are not taking this thing seriously, Jones."

"But I am. And wings, Jackson—give your duck warship wings. Then if it gets caught in shallow water by a superior force, it can rise up and fly away, giving vent to loud and defiant quacks on a steam-quacker."

"Perhaps you're right," said Jackson, wearily. "No doubt about it, in fact."

"I have been detected in the neighborhood of right ideas," admitted Jones. "Possibly you could get some marine hints from an account of my experience with the New York and Boston Leviathan Towing and Transportation Line, which I operated in the late sixties. You remember the line, Robinson?"

Robinson answered, "Yes," without a blush.

"One night after I went to bed," continued Jones, "it occurred to me that though hundreds of land animals are of use to man while living, not one of the sea animals had ever been put to any practical use till dead. It seemed probable that the most useful purpose to which living land animals was put by man was as draught animals, of which we may take the horse and the ox as examples. Why were not the animals of the sea used for draught purposes? I became so excited that I lay awake all night thinking about it. The result was the New York and Boston Leviathan Towing and Transportation Line.

"During all of my life to think has been to act, therefore you need not be surprised to know that in a month I had left New Bedford on a chartered whaling steamer looking for whales. I had decided that the whale was the animal most suited to my purpose. Off the coast of Labrador we sighted a large school of whales. Fortunately it was a graded school, so to say, consisting of true whales, Greenland whales, humpbacked whales, fin-backed whales, spermaceti-whales, and so forth. We had considerable trouble in driving them at first, but I rigged up a fog-horn with a reed so it would say 'shoo,' and they soon learned what it meant, and we worked them along down the coast by easy stages. A good many of the more skittish ran back, and I thought at one time that I might have to send a tug ahead with a herring on the end of a stick to coax them; but we finally got them down to Gardiners Bay, Long Island, and grounded them in the shallow water.

"Of course it has always been self-evident that the whale would make a splendid driving animal if he could be controlled. The most important and hardest thing was clearly to keep him from diving. A careful study showed me that the whale could not dive without first putting his head down; therefore all that was needed was a check-rein sufficiently strong to restrain him in that respect. I selected a right-whale about seventy-five feet long, which I had noticed was a good traveller, and proceeded to harness him. I put a bit about four inches in diameter in his mouth, with ten-foot cheek-rings on each end. From this bit I ran a hawser along his back and around the part of his tail where the flukes are joined to the body. I then put on a large collar, attached a sand-barge by four-inch wire cables, and turned him toward deep water for a trial spin.

"Naturally, of course, that whale did not readily take to harness. He reared up, rolled over, charged ahead, struck out fiercely with his flukes, blew a stream of water like an artesian well, and otherwise misbehaved. His efforts to dive were something startling, but the check-rein held, and he finally gave it up.

"I had wire-cable reins connected with the wheel in the pilot-house, and stood there and guided him, occasionally touching him up with a bamboo fishing-pole. In two hours he drove fairly well, and in a week was fully broken, though he always remained hard-mouthed, and was never what you might call a lady's whale.

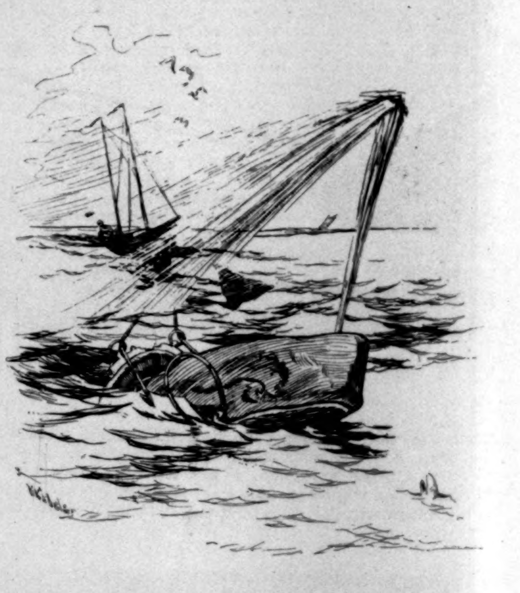
"I then went ahead and broke the others of the school to harness. I found the Greenlands made the best draught animals, and I used them in towing lighters, canal-boats, barges, and so forth, either driving them single or two abreast. The fin-backs, I soon discovered, were the best driving beasts, being light, rangey, and stylish. I took a young and quick-stroke fin-back for my own private use, and used him on my yacht. He was a free driver, a little inclined to shy at light-houses and promontories, but gentle as a kitten. He could throw spray in the face of any other whale along the coast. He was better on a smooth track like the Sound, but did not make a bad showing outside where the track was heavy. He was always rather nervous about being hitched up, and it usually took two men to get him into the shafts."

Jones paused as if there was no more to tell.

"But," said Jackson Peters, "I fail to find any notice of the New York and Boston Leviathan Towing and Transportation Line in the classified newspaper advertisements, either under the head of 'Shipping' or 'Transportation.'"

"You should look under the heading of 'Whales—coastwise.' However, you wouldn't find it there, either, now. I gave up the business on account of the continued opposition of the steamship people. They made various ridiculous charges, and got the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals excited. The absurd cry was set up that my check-reins were cruel, and that I was docking the flukes of my driving animals. They also got a law enacted requiring me to stop every fifty miles and feed my whales out of a nose-bag made from a balloon—something utterly uncalled for. The charge of fast driving was likewise made against me, and a law passed prohibiting a speed of above forty-five miles an hour. Finally I gave the whole scheme up, and turned my whales loose. I am essentially a man of peace, esteeming quietude above all things. Strife is as distasteful to me as untruth. The whales lapsed into barbarism, but did not utterly forget their cunning. Two years later, when the bark *Curlew's Call* tried to take my fin-back, off the coast of Greenland, he dodged the harpoon, took it in his mouth like a toothpick, and punched the boats so full of holes with it that they looked like nutmeg-graters."

H. C.

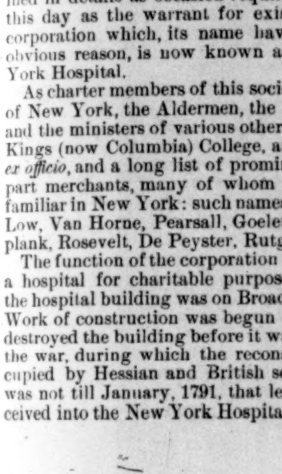


BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM.

In the year 1770, that august but most unfortunate personage known officially as "George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith," and so forth, granted a charter establishing the "Society of the Hospital in the City of New York." A quaint old document is this charter. It is said to be granted in response to a "humble petition" of "our loving subjects Peter Middleton, John Jones, and Samuel Bard of our city of New York, physicians," and its provisions are "willed, given, granted, ordained, and appointed" with the alleged "graciousness" and the unquestionable verbosity that seemed essential of yore—and, for aught I know to the contrary, are still essential—to the dignity of royal pronunciamentos. Despite its redundancy, however, the meaning of this charter is sufficiently plain, and it has served its purpose well, for—having received legislative sanction when New York ceased to be "our city," and being slightly modified in details as occasion required—it remains in force to this day as the warrant for existence of that benevolent corporation which, its name having been modified for an obvious reason, is now known as the Society of the New York Hospital.

As charter members of this society were named the Mayor of New York, the Aldermen, the Rector of Trinity Church and the ministers of various other churches, the President of Kings (now Columbia) College, and some other dignitaries *ex officio*, and a long list of prominent citizens, for the most part merchants, many of whom bore names that are still familiar in New York: such names as Livingstone, Beekman, Low, Van Horne, Pearsall, Goelet, Stuyvesant, Bache, Verplank, Rosevelt, De Peyster, Rutgers, and Duryea.

The function of the corporation was to found and maintain a hospital for charitable purposes. The site selected for the hospital building was on Broadway opposite Pearl Street. Work of construction was begun in 1773, but fire partially destroyed the building before it was completed. Then came the war, during which the reconstructed building was occupied by Hessian and British soldiers as barracks, and it was not till January, 1791, that legitimate patients were received into the New York Hospital. Since then the hospital has been continuously in operation, changing its site, however, in 1877 to West Fifteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue. It has an important branch known as the House of Relief, on Chambers Street (soon to remove to the corner of Hudson and Jay streets), which does chiefly emergency work, and which last year treated 2339 patients in its wards, and 22,555 patients in its Out-Patient Department. At the main hospital itself, 4764 patients were treated in the wards, and 9249 in the Out-Patient Department. The total number of patients treated by the hospital in all its departments in the one hundred and three years of its operation is more than 617,000.



DR. CHARLES HENRY NICHOLS.

In the early days of its operation the New York Hospital, being the only institution of the kind in the city, received all manner of patients in the same building. In 1806 a separate building was constructed for the insane, with accommodations for about seventy patients, this being the second or third building allotted to such a use in the western hemisphere. In 1816, in order to still further increase the facilities of the hospital for treating insane patients, a tract of land "on Harlem Heights, about seven miles from the city," was secured, it being desired to isolate the insane patients in the environment of the country, that the "moral treatment" of the insane, just then for the first time attracting the attention of philanthropists, might be given a fair trial. Here a building was constructed which, when completed, was known as Bloomingdale Asylum, taking its name from the old Bloomingdale Road, on which it fronted. This road was a part of the old Albany-New York post-road, and is now the Western Boulevard. "Harlem Heights," now better known as Bloomingdale or Morningside Heights, is no longer "seven miles in the country," but has been surrounded by the city, which has grown on miles beyond. A portion of the land, which cost the New York Hospital an average of $344 an acre in 1816, was sold not long ago (divided into city lots) at an average rate of $116,000 an acre. Another portion, with the original asylum-building itself and modern additions, was purchased two years ago by Columbia College for $2,000,000, to be the future seat of that institution.

But no one could forecast the phenomenal growth of New York, and no doubt the Governors of the New York Hospital supposed when they purchased the land on Harlem Heights that they were providing a retreat where for all time to come the mentally diseased might be treated amid the soothing influences of pastoral surroundings. They could not know—could not even dream—that in less than three-quarters of a century it would be necessary for the asylum to move on fifteen miles further into the country to escape the din and turmoil of the city. Yet so the event has proved.

In 1821 the Bloomingdale Asylum building was completed, and patients were transferred to it from the old asylum at Pearl Street. The institution continued, and must always continue, a mere department of the New York Hospital, operating under the same antique charter, and controlled by the same Board of Governors. But the peculiar needs of the insane necessitated a different internal management from that of the other departments of the hospital, and the wide reputation to which Bloomingdale Asylum has grown must be largely accredited to the efforts of the physicians who have successively had direct charge of its interests.

The object of the Governors of the New York Hospital in building Bloomingdale Asylum was to put in practice the most advanced ideas then current as to the treatment of insanity, and they ably supported the physicians chosen to manage the institution in carrying out this purpose. When opened, Bloomingdale was the only asylum, public or private, in the State of New York, and for many years, by special arrangement with the management, patients properly the charges of the State were cared for at Bloomingdale. These were withdrawn when the State opened its first asylum, at Utica, in 1844. But the growth of the city kept Bloomingdale increasingly crowded with applicants for admission, and necessitated enlargement of its buildings and facilities from time to time. Acquiring its reputation in the first place partly through lack of competition, it sustained and increased it when competitors were many, and from first to last has been regarded, here and abroad, as typical of all that is best and most advanced in asylum practices. Such physicians as Joseph Macdonald, Pliny Earle, and D. Tilden Browne, successively in charge of the institution, gave it standing in the community by the weight of their own personality, and made its reputation international by the wisdom and skill of their management. But with all proper acknowledgment to the efforts of these men, and the support given at all times by the Board of Governors, it may justly be said that the modern Bloomingdale is in a very large sense the creation of a man who was called to be its medical superintendent as recently as 1877—Dr. Charles Henry Nichols, a man of vast executive ability, of large mind, of dominating individuality, yet withal of kindly heart and of broadly sympathetic nature. Twenty-five years before, Dr. Nichols had for a short time had charge of Bloomingdale; but he was then called away to build and superintend the government asylum for the insane at Washington, D. C. Now, ripe in experience and with a world-wide reputation as an alienist, he returned, as if to an uncompleted task of his youth, and soon stamped the institution with the imprint of his powerful personality. Imbued through and through with love of the humane calling to which he had devoted his entire life, he strove with the ardor and unremitting enthusiasm of a strong nature to develop each latent possibility for good of the institution. He enlarged it, beautified it within and without, defined its policy, systematized its methods, till almost its every rule, regulation, and tradition had felt the revivifying influence of his presence.

But much as he accomplished, Dr. Nichols did not live to complete what he regarded as the culminating effort of his life—the construction of a new home for Bloomingdale Asylum. The growth of the city necessitated removal to a new site, and the last years of Dr. Nichols's life were largely occupied in perfecting plans for the new buildings, which he hoped to make the most complete asylum plant in the world. The plans were practically completed when he died in 1889, but the ground had not yet been broken for the buildings.

It is a humiliating and saddening experience, to which most of us have been subjected, to find that our heroes, in utter defiance of all laws of perspective, dwindle as we approach them. But happily there are exceptions, and for me Dr. Nichols will always be one of these. His was a personality that loomed larger as one approached. I believe he was fairly entitled to be called a great man. He in a sense buried his talents in the most thankless of callings, but measured by the good it accomplished, which I take it is the true test of greatness, his life was large and full.

The work laid down by Dr. Nichols was taken up ably and earnestly by his successor, Dr. Samuel B. Lyon, under whose supervision the new asylum buildings have been constructed, at the site selected many years ago, near White Plains, Westchester County. The main building stands on a hill-top, giving a beautiful view down wooded valleys. Its plan is a compromise between the old linear system of asylum architecture and the newer cottage system, combining the advantages of both. It is fire-proof, and fitted with every modern convenience for the care and treatment of the insane.

The great work which Bloomingdale Asylum accomplishes is its provision for insane patients of good antecedents, but of limited means. Of course it receives wealthy patients also, and provides for them handsomely, but it cares just as well for the patients who can pay little or nothing. As far as its capacity will permit, its doors are always open to deserving cases whose limited means will not permit them to enter private institutions. Once received, such patients, irrespective of financial condition, are given every luxury of diet, attendance, or treatment that might tend to promote their recovery. Well-to-do patients are of course allowed to pay liberally for care and treatment, but any profit that may accrue from such payments can by no possibility be used for any purpose other than the carrying on of the charitable work of the institution. It is the essential characteristic of a benevolent corporation, of which the Society of the New York Hospital is a typical illustration, that neither its members nor any other set of individuals (except, of course, legitimate employés), can have the slightest pecuniary interest in its welfare. Its memberships are purely honorary. Its Boards of Governors serve gratuitously. Such a corporation may become wealthy through rise of value of land or otherwise, but its members are no richer in consequence. Nor would these members be poorer if the entire property of the corporation were to be rendered absolutely valueless. In that event the Commonwealth as a whole would suffer, but no one individual or set of individuals more than another, except, indeed, such dependents as had been accustomed to benefit by the charitable ministrations of the corporation. The work accomplished by Bloomingdale Asylum is therefore in the strictest sense a charitable work. It is gratifying to know that its scope will be enlarged and its opportunities for usefulness increased in the new home provided for it at White Plains. Meantime, at its old site its traditions will mingle with those of a worthy successor.

Henry Smith Williams.

NEW YORK HARBOR TRAFFIC.

The growing demand for dockage, which has driven so many ships to Brooklyn and the Jersey shore, has caused the cutting through of the waterway across the northern border connecting the Harlem with the North River. That neighborhood is still, however, the home of the conservative idea. There linger the boat-houses, and the places where you find bait and hire fish-poles. But in a few more years the oarsmen and their shells will have said a final farewell to the Harlem, for the schooners with brick from the kilns at Haverstraw, and with sand from Jersey way, and wood from Georgia and the North, are growing more frequent up there every month.

Along the lower part of the river begins the made land. It has been literally wrested from the river with the aid of all the off-castings of the city.

Leaving Riverside Drive, on the west you come upon the stock-yards, where the Western cattle, sheep, and hogs are driven from cars or barges into pens which cover acres.

Below this neighborhood you come to the gas-house district, the centre of which is in the vicinity of Forty-second Street. At the docks hereabout you find coal-barges discharging their cargoes to be used in the manufacture of gas. There are always the pungent odors of the gas-houses in the air, and the fleckings of oil upon the water. The clumsy black coal-barges which are found at the gas-house landings on both sides of the island are almost all old hulls which were formerly in the legitimate carrying trade under square rigging, but which, when the tramp-steamer and the huge fore-and-afters came into service, were forced to the duty that they now perform.

It is no uncommon sight to see an ocean tug creeping along up river with two or three of these barges, dismasted, dismantled, black and dirty, trailing astern. And yet they are old Maine-built vessels, and, ship-builders say, the finest examples of marine architecture afloat. Below the gas-houses are the lumber-yards. At Twenty-third Street one begins to see the funnels of ocean-going steamers, and to hear the rattle of cabs taking passengers and their luggage to and fro. From Twenty-third Street also start the Iron Steamboats, which convey the uptown half of New York's population to Coney Island and Long Branch. All along here one finds the lumber-boats coming in with deck-loads of timber both from the Canadas and from Georgia. Further down the shore, beginning at the foot of Christopher Street, are the oyster "floats," barges which rise and fall on the changing tides, and into the recesses of which thousands of bushels of oysters are unloaded every day from the schooners and sloops employed in the trade.

West Street, looking out over the water-front, has a motley life. Ever the ear is greeted with the deafening uproar and clamor of the drays coming and going with their loads of merchandise. Here is the great colony of longshoremen and freight-handlers waiting for work upon some of the huge steamship piers. Farther down are the boats which run up the Sound—the Fall River, Norwich, and New Haven steamers, white and beautiful. All this section of the river-frontage is punctuated with ferry-houses. Here also are unloaded the cargoes of fruit and vegetables from the Jerseys and the far South. All night long there are the clatter of delivery wagons coming and going, and the cries of bidders for the cargoes. At the Cortlandt and Liberty Street ferries, all day and all night, but principally at the morning and evening hours, a stream of people pours back and forth.

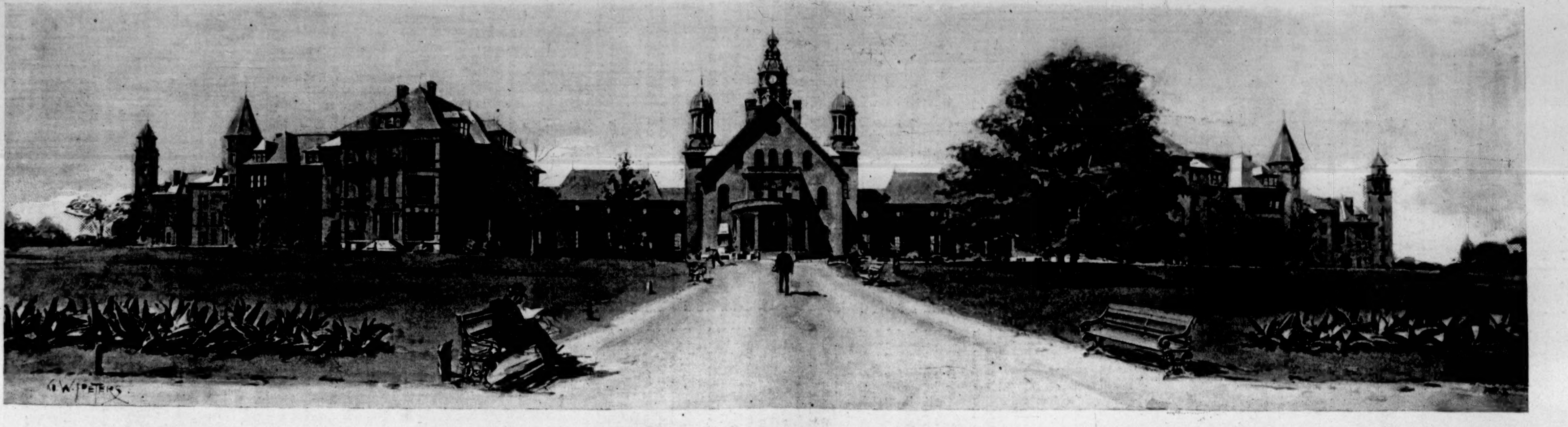
Below these ferries one begins to meet the sailor-men and the steamboat men. All of the lodging-houses hereabouts are homes of the wanderers—rough, uncouth men, ready to do anything, here to-day and gone to-morrow. At the head of the Battery wall stands Pier A, the station of the harbor police. There the patrol boat waits. A little further down is Castle Garden, originally a fort, afterwards a circus, then a theatre in which Jenny Lind's voice was heard, but now converted into a public aquarium. Next comes the Battery wall, where the sea breaks over upon stormy days, and where a motley mass of humanity walks up and down, staring out at the panorama of the ships and the distant highlands.

The Battery has not changed much since the first part of the century; it is still a pleasure-ground. From its quiet wave-washed precincts trade is banished. There is the floating bath, and at the lower end of the wall the docks where the steamboats start for Ellis and Liberty islands. The towers of the Barge-office loom there too, the office where shipping-masters go to effect their clearances and file their manifests. The revenue-cutters are there, the ship-news bureaus, and then, grouped at the very foot of the island, the great ferry-houses, through which thousands of people pass night and morning for Staten Island and Brooklyn. But after you leave these four great ferry-houses you are upon the real old water-front. You have entered upon the territory where the jack-tar has thriven for three hundred years.

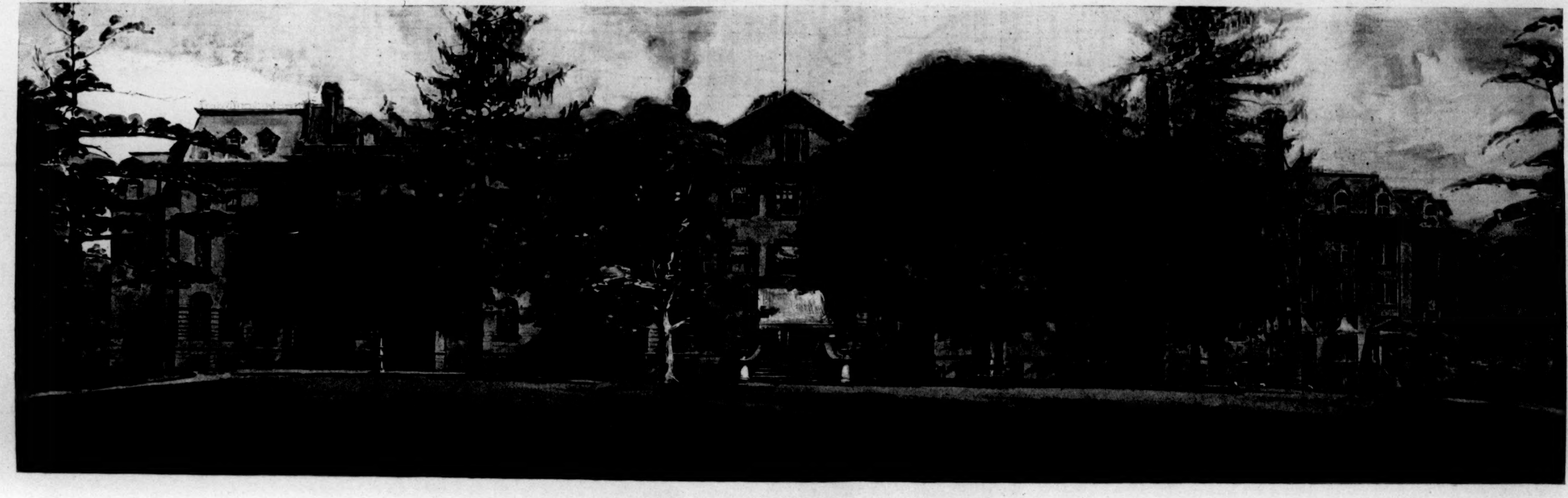
South Street is not the home of the steamboat men; it is a land of peaked roofs, old colonial warehouses, junk-shops, and fellows who have sailed the blue waters since they were boys. Men that you meet on South Street know every knot that can be put in a rope. There are the big shipping-houses, the great clipper-ships for Australia and 'Frisco and Japan; there is the eternal scent of spices from the Indies; there the cocoanut and the banana are unloaded; there in great quantities are taken the manufactured goods of America, the wagons, the church-organs, and goodness knows what else, for transportation to the antipodes. There are the dirty Italian barks, the iron vessels from Scotch and English yards, the Swedes and Danes with their inevitable white paint and yellow trimming and tow-headed sailors; and then the great graceful wooden hulls of the vessels which come from "down East," and which are models for all the ship-builders of the world. Here you meet the sailor of all seas. The San Blas Indian from the Isthmus hauls on the same rope with a Southern darky, or a Malay, or a Greek who has learned his seamanship in the Bosporus. There are cheap little restaurants and groggeries and oyster-stands, but everything is trade, and these water-front people know every vessel afloat, and keep up with the gossip of the whole world. There is Fulton Market, where fish are unloaded.

And all this land in the lower part of South Street is, again, "made land." What is now Water Street, two blocks back, once constituted the slips at which foreign-going vessels were docked. No longer than a year ago, in excavating for the foundations of a new building in Water Street, the workmen came upon an old vessel, a privateersman, which is supposed to have sunk in the slip early in the seventeenth century. From her cabins, under all the dirt, they dragged forth old coins, weapons, and bits of bric-à-brac, almost uninjured by time. But they left half of the ancient hull lying under the building adjoining, to rest until time, in the process of other changes, shall uncover it.

Above the bridge are now the dry-docks, where always you may see vessels out of water. Back from them, around Oliver Street, Cherry Hill, and Catherine Slip, are the sailors' lodging-houses, which, as the real sailor becomes more and more obsolete, are going out of date. But still he roisters there. The rest of the river-front up to Forty-second Street is given to general trade, coal and lumber and cements and plaster, until you come to Twenty-third Street, where the gray walls of Bellevue Hospital and the surly visage of the Morgue look out upon the yacht anchorage, and the fine boats of fashionable people, and the *New Hampshire*, of the Naval Reserves, that rests her old body against the Bellevue pier. Then come more gas-houses, with enormous storages for naphtha and other petroleum products, a bathing pavilion, or a picnic-ground, and everywhere the appearance of growth in building and in river trade. The gloomy towers of the city islands, where paupers, criminals, and insane people go, are a feature of the river at this point. After you have passed them the scenery develops into a monotone of lumber-yards, boat-houses, and so on, until you get into the neighborhood where the foot of trade as yet has not planted itself so firmly.

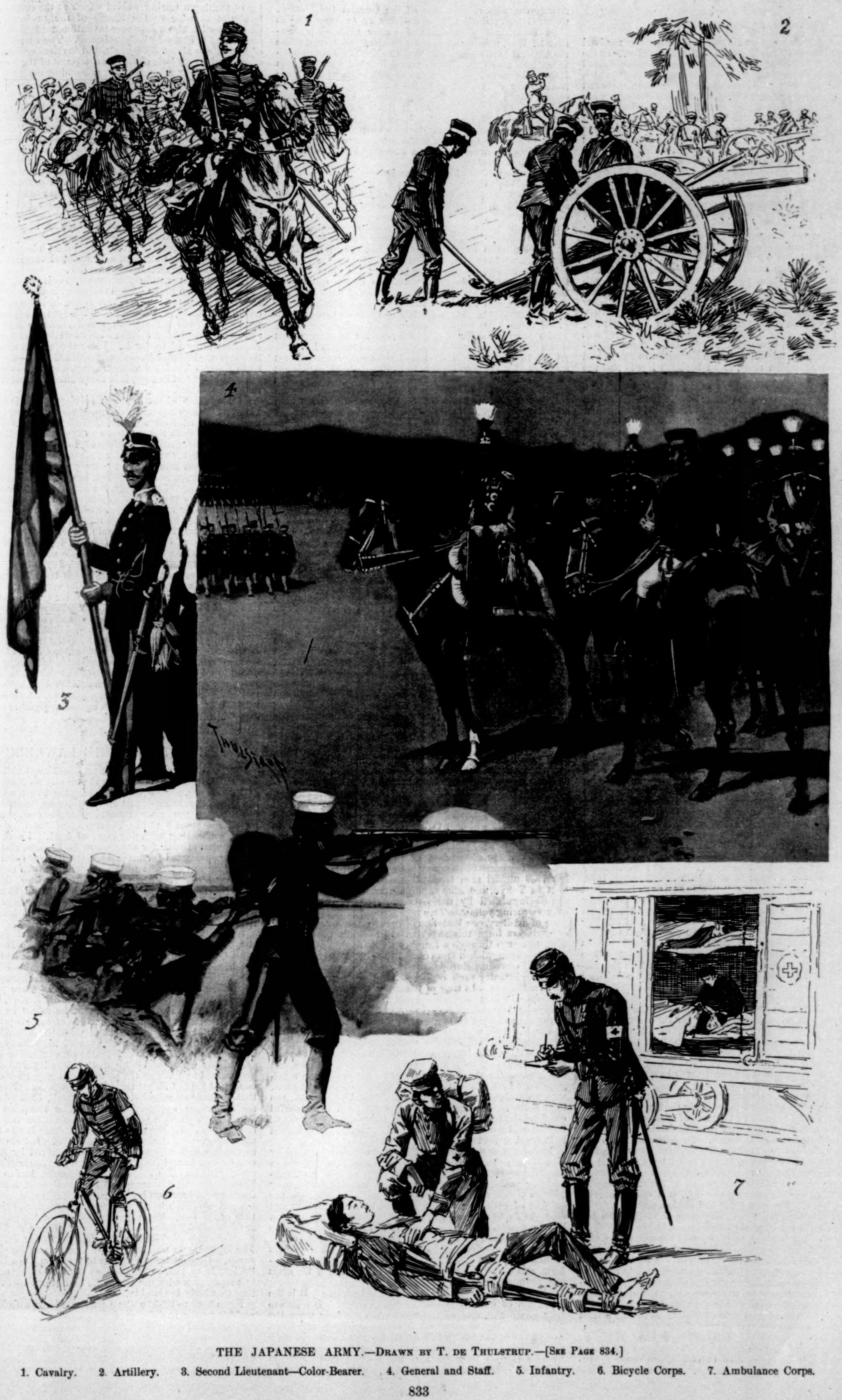


THE NEW BUILDING, WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK.



THE OLD BUILDING—118TH STREET AND 10TH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THE NEW AND THE OLD BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUMS.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 831.]



THE JAPANESE ARMY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 834.]

1. Cavalry. 2. Artillery. 3. Second Lieutenant—Color-Bearer. 4. General and Staff. 5. Infantry. 6. Bicycle Corps. 7. Ambulance Corps.

THE MODERN JAPANESE ARMY.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS,

Author of "The Mikado's Empire."

FROM the Dutchmen at Nagasaki the Japanese received their first impulse toward modern military science. In the old days of isolation, before 1853, two Japanese, named Egawa and Takashima, received lessons secretly from a Dutchman, and learned a good deal about modern arms and war methods. As soon as they were discovered they were promptly clapped into prison, and there they remained until the apparition of Perry's fleet. No sooner, however, were the stars and stripes mirrored in Yedo Bay than word was sent to the jailers, and the two prisoners were released and appointed instructors in musketry. From this time forth target-shooting was fashionable in and around Yedo. Nevertheless the ideas ingrained during centuries still largely prevailed throughout the country, except among the clansmen of Satsuma, Choshiu, and Tosa, among whom Dutch learning had infiltrated, and where Dutch books on the art of war, as well as of medicine, were quite common. When, in 1864, the American, Dutch, French, and English squadrons attacked the batteries of Shimonosêki they found eight-inch shells filling the air. On land they discovered that American rifles were not only possessed but skilfully used.

When, in 1868, the southwestern clansmen, led by a few far-seeing native Dutch scholars, seized the imperial palace in Kyoto, reconstructed the government, and issued edicts in the name of the Mikado, a pitched battle was necessary before the sandy political foundations could become settled. Then, at Fushimi, during the three days of January 27th, 28th, and 29th, one of the decisive battles of the world was fought. Less than two thousand southern clansmen, lightly clothed, drilled according to the European methods, and armed with American rifles, stood between Kyoto and the great Tycoon's army.

Of the 27,000 men committed to the old order of things about 10,000 were engaged in the battle. They were laced up in war-corsets called armor, made of lacquered iron, paper, and hardened leather tied together with silk. On their heads were great iron beetle-crested helmets, often weighing twelve pounds. Their arms were spears, swords, and matchlocks, with a very few muskets. Had they been able to come to close quarters and drawn swords, they might have won the day. As it was, science and valor combined blew Tycoonism to pieces and gave feudalism its mortal wound.

Less than two years were required to "clean up," as our officers say, the whole empire. Then all was peace.

The new government of the Mikado, when transferring authority to Yedo, which they named Tokyo, found great European war-ships anchored within shell-range of the imperial palace. At Yokohama the British and French camps attested the superior skill and discipline of foreign armies. Quick to foresee the future, the three clans urged the Mikado to issue orders for military reorganization. This decree of 1871 called into existence the imperial army, composed largely of the southern clansmen. A French commission appointed to organize the new force began its work in July, 1872.

I remember seeing various detachments of this army in different parts of the country; there was a good deal to amuse one in the transition from the old to the new. More than once, when invited into the presence of daimios and of imperial officers to witness military reviews, the effort of trying to refrain from laughing outright was almost torture. One had to grit one's teeth, and even try the merits of pins in the flesh, to keep from explosive and indecorous laughter. Now, laughing days have long been over.

Yet, until 1876, Japan had no real *national* army. Her soldiers were the old privileged Samurai, former retainers of feudal lords, who never paid tolls or taxes. They received hereditary pensions, and were skilled only in the use of the sword and pen. To preserve discipline among men like these, to whom loyalty was ingrained, while patriotism was a new thing, whose "country" was not Japan, but such and such a province, whose officers were necessarily their social inferiors, was impossible. A new and complete revolution was necessary. In order to sink loyalty into patriotism, and have a real national army, a return to the ancient days of a thousand years ago, when the peasantry and the soldiery knew no distinction, was necessary. Almost revolutionary as the stroke was, it fell. In the month of December, 1872, the Mikado issued his edict. "Taking as a basis the ancient law of the country," he ordered that hereafter the army should be made up from the people at large, and not from any one class. "As all alike are now the people of this Our Empire, the manner of their requiting the obligations they owe to the state must be the same." . . . . "All youths throughout the country belonging to the four classes of the people, of twenty years of age, will be enrolled on the military register and held in readiness to meet any emergency that may occur."

Then came a terrible struggle between the old and the new. To take the sword, "the girded soul of the Samurai," away from him seemed too horrible for the gentry to contemplate. The severity of the struggle between the advanced party of the government and the whole body of the Samurai was terrific, but the enlightened men prevailed, and forthwith the decree was carried out. The shifting sands under the new government were washed away in a flood of new-born popular patriotism, and the new order settled down upon rock. When the great Satsuma rebellion of 1877 broke out, the old forces and ideas, backed by the terrible Japanese sword and a mighty mass of warriors of hereditary prestige, led by the ablest military genius of the time, Saigo Takamori, confronted the government. To fight these men and put down the rebellion there was a new army composed almost entirely of raw peasants and town boys, officered by a few veterans and many green subalterns. Nevertheless science, the new patriotism, conviction of the right, backed by steam and electricity, won the day, at a cost, however, of 10,000 lives. The new army had made a name.

Such foreign service as the Japanese army has seen has been confined to a campaign in Formosa, to one bloodless triumph of transportation which secured a treaty with Korea in 1876, one march and demonstration of skill between Chimulpo and Seoul, and one downright battle between a full company of infantry and two Chinese regiments in Seoul in 1884. Furthermore, at home the life of the modern Japanese army is now nearly twenty years old, while during this time there have been educated in the military schools, in the camps, and with the colors, tens of thousands of able-bodied men who are under forty-one years of age.

Let us inquire now what is the Japanese army of to-day, both effective and on paper. We have before us the official statistics issued by the cabinet in Tokyo, and dated February 1, 1894. The figures we present are those which stood for the 1st of January, 1893. The commander-in-chief of the Japanese army is an uncle of the Emperor, Prince Arisugawa, who is president of the General Staff office. Count Oyama (whose wife is well known to Americans as Miss Yamakawa, a graduate of Vassar College) is Minister of War, who collects and organizes the forces, while the General Staff directs and uses them. The empire is divided into seven military districts, four of which are in Hondo, the main island, and the headquarters of which are respectively Tokyo, Sendai in the north, Nagoya in the east centre, Osaka in the centre, Hiroshima in the west centre, and Kumamoto in the south. In the island of Yezo there is a body of "colonial militia." In Tokyo also is the Imperial Guard, which in itself forms an army corps. In addition to the men under the colors there are military schools and bodies of armed policemen who may be also called to serve with the troops.

The total number of generals and superior officers is 643; officers, 3715; officers of lower rank, 11,704; cadets and pupils, 2066. In the organization of the army there are some notable differences as compared with the military of the Western world. There are no corporals, but instead there is a division among the privates of "first soldier" and "second soldier." The total number of soldiers is 249,983, or grand total of 268,111; or, if we add the 1637 military employés, we have in all 269,748.

The operations of recruiting between the years 1866–91 show that there were great variations in the number of those conscripted, and also in the number of those liable to conscription, and for this there are causes which are not officially set down. Since the law of 1875 was first promulgated there have been various codicils and amendments, which have caused not only fluctuations in figures, but consternation and change in social and educational circles. At one time the private schools of the country were almost upset, and for a long while were badly demoralized, on account of certain interpretations of the edict. Again, a tremendous impulse was given to the increase of population rather than the increase of the army by the notion that married men would be exempt. The consequence was that for several months marriageable women were at a tremendous premium, and men rushed into the yoke of matrimony by the tens of thousands. While facts prove that Hymen has not been equal to Mars, yet the formidable list of exemptions from the conscription forms probably the greatest weakness in the Japanese military system. However, in 1891, 322,627 young men, having attained the age of conscription, were enrolled as possible material, while those above the desirable age, but still eligible, numbered 38,795. Of the twenty-year-old men only 18,907 were drafted into active service, while 121,135 were assigned to the Reserve. In a word, in 1891, 144,563 young men were uniformed, armed, equipped, and had a fair amount of experience in camp or field; while there were altogether in the country 361,422 men who at some time during the past fifteen years had had actual military training.

In 1861 the proportion of conscripts in 1000 inhabitants was 7.93, and that of 100 young men called to active service in the total of conscripts, 6.08.

Some idea of the various divisions of the army may be obtained by noting the assignment of those put into active service in 1891. Of the total of 19,952, the infantry received 13,739; cavalry, 621; artillery, 1924; engineers, 713; train, 360; transport, 2160; various others, 435. In the Reserve we find about the same proportion, which proves that the Japanese infantry and artillery are very strong, while the cavalry is very weak. Japan consists almost entirely of mountains and valleys, and the cultivated portion of the empire is made up of rice-fields, which are quagmires of soft mud under water, which is from four to six inches deep, and through which are, as a rule, only narrow bridle-paths. Such conditions require, on the other hand, a large force of engineers. It is doubtful whether in a foreign campaign, unless a reorganization takes place, the Japanese could accomplish effective results by the cavalry arm of the service. Indeed, it is more than likely that, as in the famous campaign in Korea, 1592–97, the lack of horses and properly mounted and drilled men will be severely felt. On the other hand, as a private letter from Korea informs us, the Japanese army pontoon corps, about June 18th, bridged the wide Han River before Seoul in *twenty minutes*.

The crack corps of the army is the Imperial Guard, which has 7359 picked men from all arms of the service. It is kept in Tokyo, and *always* on a war footing. The men are distinguished by the red band around the cap, the others wearing yellow. Two regiments of infantry, one brigade of artillery, one battalion of cavalry, and one company of engineers form this superb body of men, who, if they were to march through a European city, could not, we imagine, be distinguished from one of the best corps of soldiers born and reared in Europe.

In the infantry each regiment has twelve companies, or three battalions. In time of peace the company consists of 192 men, of whom 5 are officers and 27 are non-commissioned officers or "first soldiers." In time of war the full strength of the company is 272 men. A regiment of infantry in time of war has 2880 men; in peace, 2347 men with 12 horses, 9 non-combatant officers, 349 non-commissioned officers or "first soldiers," 65 officers, and 4 superior officers. The battalion of cavalry on a war footing comprises 189 men and 140 horses. In the artillery arm two batteries form a brigade, each battery having 148 men and 86 horses and 4 guns, which numbers are increased by 2 guns and 10 cannoneers in war-time. The Japanese field-pieces form a wonderful combination of serviceableness and lightness. They are of bronze, and are made at the arsenal in Osaka. The breech is 7½ centimetres in diameter.

The operations of the Japanese army are characterized by cleanliness and economy. I have been many times through the Japanese barracks, both in the old and now hardly remaining *yashiki* sort, and the new, large, airy, and sunny edifices which comfortably hold a full regiment. On the subject of bath-tubs, towels, soap, and water, both hot and cold, the Japanese is almost a crank. If the Shinto religion has done nothing else for Japan it has inculcated supreme devotion to country, and taught the dogma that dirt is sin. This remarkable cleanliness of person and quarters reacts favorably upon the soldier, making him careful of his uniform, and particularly conscientious in the care of his arms and equipments.

The rifle used by the infantry is made in Japan. It is the invention of Colonel Murata, a native officer. It seems to be a composite, and an improvement especially upon the French infantry weapon. It is a magazine-gun, and when loaded for battle has eight cartridges stowed away, in addition to one in the chamber and one in the breech. The weapon is well balanced and has every improvement in sighting. The "ball," rather a rod, used is made of hard lead coated with copper, an inch and a quarter long, and while looking like an innocent piece of lead-pencil, is capable of making a tearing wound which at the orifice of exit is almost as wide as the length of the projectile. The powder used is also a Japanese invention, making very little smoke, and is comparatively noiseless. The extreme range of this rifle is about 3500 yards, and is effective for what is considered a very long distance on account of the trajectory given by the four grooves of the rifle and its carefully calculated twist. The bayonet is a light sort of dagger.

The annual manœuvres in the field, which have been held in various sections of the empire, in each of the military districts, in flat, in mountainous, in swampy, and agricultural lands, and under circumstances made purposely difficult, have shown that Japanese military operations are managed with remarkable economy as well as with celerity and effectiveness. The Japanese soldier has been made to leave his barracks often at short notice, fully equipped with everything necessary for a campaign, even down to firewood and drinking-water, to say nothing of the inevitable bath-tub and towels. Our private letters from Korea tell precisely the same story. Space is not permitted us to detail the field operations of 1892, illustrations of which are herewith given by the Japanese artist.

All arms of the service have been brought into requisition, the commissariat, transport, and hospital services having shown themselves remarkably effective.

The fact that within *five days* after it was certainly known in Tokyo that Chinese troops were on their way to Korea, a complete Japanese army corps, including infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, train, transportation, and hospital corps, was actually on board steamers for Korea, shows how ready for mobilization as well as for battle the Japanese army of to-day is. Later despatches show that 20,000 men—12,000 at Fusan and 8000 at Gensan—have landed in Korea. To-day a modern army, Japanese only in the sense of blood and lineage, is in the peninsula to confront the military of China.

Of the health of the Japanese soldiers, of their physical vigor, of their gymnastic training, of their absolute freedom from opium, of their splendid *morale* and burning patriotism, space does not allow us to speak here. That the scheme of reorganization adopted in 1875 has not been wholly fulfilled is very certain; that there is room for criticism of certain arms—that the army on paper, despite its marvellous proportion of reality, has still the defect of a great percentage of shrinkage, is an indisputable fact. Yet it seems nearly certain that Japan enters upon this war—forced upon her as it is, and undesirable as it is—not only with something like a hundred millions of dollars of available money, but also with certainly 100,000 of well-trained modern soldiers, of whom 50,000 are immediately ready. Whatever criticisms also may be made upon the probably dangerous extent of militarism in which Japan has indulged, the writer must confess his belief that the formation of a true national army has been one of the very best things for the wholesome spread of democracy, for the burial of feudalism and the death of absolutism, for the renovation of the physical well-being of the Japanese race, and for the general elevation of the Japanese people. Whatever the future may bring forth, there are indications that in this war, coming now (and it seems almost impossible to doubt it must sooner or later have come), one question may, even in this decade, and before another century is at an end, be decided. It is this: shall Asiatic or modern and Western ideas prevail in Chinese Asia? He is a shallow observer who sees in this uprising of a little island nation against a gigantic neighbor *only* "a mere Mongolian row."

THE LATE EUGENE LAWRENCE.

PROFESSOR EUGENE LAWRENCE, historian, publicist, and journalist, died at his residence in this city on the sixteenth of this month, after a brief illness. He was born at No. 308 Broadway, in 1823. At an early age he entered Princeton College, but after remaining there one year, completed his studies at the University of the City of New York, graduating with the class of 1841. He early displayed an aptitude for expression in English, and his instructors predicted for him a brilliant literary future. Mr. Lawrence was one of a group of students then at the university who became distinguished in after-life. Foremost among them were Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe, John Taylor Johnston, Richard Grant White, George Henry Moore, Samuel O. Vander Poel, William Allen Butler, and Howard Crosby.

With a view of perfecting himself in the study of the law, Mr. Lawrence attended the lectures at the Dane Law School, Cambridge, where he remained several years. Graduating from the law school, he was admitted to practise in the courts of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, on motion of Mr. Rufus Choate. Mr. Lawrence practised his profession for a time with success in Boston, but was induced to return to New York, that he might be near his parents and a large family circle. Resuming his practice in New York, he became associated with the late Alexander W. Bradford, afterwards Surrogate of the county of New York. Although in the enjoyment of a lucrative practice, and highly esteemed by his distinguished partner, he was constrained to abandon the practice of the law for the more congenial field of literature. His subsequent career proved that he made no mistake. His first work, *Lives of the British Historians*, appeared in 1855. The reception of this scholarly production was to the young author flattering in the extreme. By the press of Great Britain it was received with generous and almost lavish praise. Letters of commendation and congratulation were received by Mr. Lawrence from Lord Brougham, Edward Everett, George Bancroft, William H. Prescott, Taylor Lewis, Rufus Choate, Francis Hawks, Clement C. Moore, and from many other distinguished men on both sides of the Atlantic.

Until his death he was a liberal contributor to the literature of the day. The more noteworthy of his publications are *Historical Studies; Lives of Hume, Gibbon, and Cowper; Smaller History of Rome; The Jews and their Persecutors; The Mystery of Columbus;* and *Columbus and his Contemporaries.* He contributed papers to the New York Historical Society from 1857 to 1892, and at the time of his death had in preparation a lecture which he had hoped to deliver before that body in October.

From 1869 to 1885 he was a writer on HARPER'S WEEKLY, and his papers in defence of the public schools and against foreign interference with them gained for him a widespread reputation. His attacks on the Roman Catholic Church as the enemy of the public-school system were published principally between 1871 and 1879, and their aggressive tone gave to those who did not know Mr. Lawrence personally the impression that he was a man "ever ready for the fray, clad in steel, with glittering sword unsheathed." Those who had the privilege of knowing him intimately, and who appreciated the true gentleness of his character, were at a loss to understand the fierceness and combativeness of his expressions, except that they were engendered by that strict adherence to principle which permeated his whole life.

The firm belief on the part of the distinguished writer was that a portion of his talents should be given to the cause of education, untrammelled by sectarianism, thereby rendering a service to the human race.

Mr. Lawrence was in every sense a true friend to the cause of education. Not alone was this manifested by the books written by him and published by Harper & Brothers, but he was ever ready to contribute to educational journals without expectation of pecuniary recompense.

Mr. Lawrence's style of writing was peculiar to himself, and noted for its purity and lucidity. Constant reading—not only of the classical, but of the modern languages—gave to him a wide range of thought and information.

He was peculiarly happy as an instructor of youth, and was Professor of History for three years at Columbia College. His *Harper's Primers* gained him a wide reputation among the younger students of the country. Many sought his advice as to a course of study, and not a few were amazed at the extent and accuracy of his learning. He could repeat pages of the old writers in the original Greek—particularly from Homer and Thucydides, and was familiar with the works of modern writers of note in all languages. Mr. Lawrence was elected a member of the New York Historical Society in 1849. He preferred the quietude of his home to the clubs of which he might have been a member; and here, surrounded by his books and his friends, he was wont to welcome with genuine hospitality all those who sought his companionship. Mr. Lawrence never married. For fifty years he occupied the house where he died. His sister, Miss Maria V. Lawrence, survives him. The funeral was held at St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, and the burial was in the Lawrence Vault, Trinity Church-yard. Mr. Lawrence was a member of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Chapel.

THE DISPOSAL OF GARBAGE.

It is quite in order that New York should be grappling with the garbage problem at this time, for almost every other large city in the civilized world is in a similar predicament. Rome is altering a canal system that has been in operation for more than 2500 years. Berlin is experimenting with garbage crematories. Paris has been forced to give the sewage question official recognition even in the midst of momentous political events. London has awakened to the fact that her methods of garbage disposal are makeshifts no longer to be tolerated. In fact, in almost every large city, and in hosts of towns, and even villages, the garbage problem is the one question of sanitation that is uppermost in the minds of the local authorities. That no single one of all these communities has fully and finally settled the question in all its phases shows how intricate and difficult a problem it really is. Theorists may be heard on all sides claiming that this or that method is the very best, but in practice it is found that no method yet suggested is altogether free from defects when subjected to varied tests. Nor is it probable that any single method will ever meet all the conditions of communities differing widely in habits of living. Differences of location as regards water supply, natural drainage, and the like; differences of contour as influencing the cost of transportation; the relative cost of labor and of fuel; the kinds of food and of fuel most largely used by the citizens; the average intelligence of the inhabitants; the character of employment of the suburban population—these and a multitude of other details, many of which seem quite irrelevant, must be carefully considered before the garbage and sewage problems can be effectually solved for any given community. An inland city, for example, has different phases of the question to consider from a seaboard city. In a city where fuel is dear the question of burning garbage has different aspects from those presented in a city where fuel is cheap. The average intelligence of the community is most important, because only the more intelligent families can be induced to properly separate ashes and other non-combustibles from putrescible and combustible matter, or garbage proper. In New York it has been found that such separation cannot be effected in tenement districts. Yet such separation is almost absolutely essential if the best results are to be obtained by any one of the more promising methods of garbage disposal yet proposed. The kind of fuel in general use is important for several reasons. If gas is used, the bulk of garbage is greatly reduced, which is an important item. But, on the other hand, gas-ranges as at present constructed will not burn garbage, and so their use would be disadvantageous in cities where, as in Boston, the individual families have been urged to burn all combustible refuse in private ranges or furnaces. Again, wood ashes are rich in potash salts, and hence have high commercial value for fertilizing purposes, while coal ashes unmixed are almost valueless for this purpose. So it makes a great difference whether a city is located in a coal region or a forest region.

As to the suburban population, if they are farmers it may pay to haul fertilizing products to them from the city, where it would not pay to haul the same fertilizers fifty miles away from the city. This phase of the subject is important as determining whether the city shall adopt a process of garbage disposal that will retain all fertilizing elements in the output, or whether it shall disregard these elements. Theoretically, every city should return to the country every ounce of fertilizing material that its garbage contains. Otherwise the city is robbing the soil of the country of the limited supply of soluble salts upon which vegetation lives. But, practically, no city is altruistic enough to return a single ounce unless it can be made to believe that it "will pay" to do so—and the payment must be in the present, not in the remote future.

Not to continue this presentation of the difficulties of the subject to a tedious length, it may be said that, notwithstanding the diverse interests and conditions involved, some cities have at least partially solved the problem. And it is something to have made a beginning along right lines. Even negative testimony is of importance in such a case as this, hence the unanimous agreement of sanitarians as to some methods of garbage disposal that should *not* be adopted anywhere or under any circumstances may be recorded with satisfaction. There are at least two common methods of garbage disposal that have been given this stamp of universal disapproval. First, garbage should *not* be hauled out and dumped at sea; and second, putrescible garbage should *not* be used to make ground that is subsequently to be used for building sites. It is in several ways suggestive that these two condemned methods of garbage disposal are the ones used by the largest two aggregations of humanity in the world—by London, and by the aggregation of people about New York Harbor, including, of course, the Western metropolis itself.

But London, having realized the folly of her past course, has for some time been experimenting with better methods of garbage disposal, and now New York is forced to make similar experiments, and to make them at once. The position of New York in this regard would be ludicrous were it not so serious. When forbidden by the government to continue dumping garbage at the mouth of the harbor, our local authorities no doubt acted in good faith in selecting Rikers Island as a permanent dumping-ground. There may have been—indeed, it is more than hinted that there have been—minor "deals" in connection with crib-work and the like, but this, of course, is expected in all municipal works here. In the main, our authorities no doubt acted honestly; possibly they even thought they were performing a very great public service. But in supposing that they could pile up mountains of putrescible matter on an island near the city without ill results they showed a remarkable disregard of natural consequences. Owing to the season of the year at which the work was begun, these natural consequences did not put themselves unendurably in evidence for several weeks, and the work of ground-reclaiming at Rikers Island went on until some thirty acres had been raised above the water to a height of ten feet. Such a mass of putrescent matter was perhaps never before accumulated in one spot in so short a time. If experience teaches, the like will never occur again.

When the inevitable had come to pass, our authorities were confronted with an emergency of no mean proportions. The Rikers Island dump made itself known for miles around, and how it could be made innocuous was not at first apparent. The case was without precedent. But every emergency develops its hero, and the master of this anomalous situation appeared presently in the person of Mr. A. E. Woolf, an electrician, who had sometime ago discovered a method of developing germicidal properties in sea-water by means of electricity. At the instance of the city, Mr. Woolf set up an electric plant on a barge, anchored this beside Rikers Island, and began to play upon the offensive acres with hose. Since then the unique spectacle has been presented of half a dozen hose-men perpetually spraying the reclaimed "land" of Rikers Island. It is but fair to say that the experiment proved a striking success. The hurriedly constructed electric plant could only produce about four thousand gallons of the disinfectant in an hour, and with this it of course took time to quench the thirty fermenting acres. But in three weeks the entire surface had been saturated to a depth of about two feet with the electrolyted sea-water. Whatever the disinfectant touched had been rendered inodorous, so Rikers Island had, in large measure, ceased to be a nuisance, though noxious gases still escaped to some extent from the crib-work at low tide. The work of disinfection is still in progress, and it is to be continued until the entire depth of the putrefying mass is saturated. Just what the final sequel will be is not yet certain. Mr. Woolf claims that his disinfectant will permanently stop the putrefactive processes. Other chemists doubt this, and the future must decide. But, in any event, Mr. Woolf has performed a public service by at least partially undoing the mischief wrought through mistaken judgment by our city authorities.

The electrolyted sea-water owes its antiseptic properties largely, if not wholly, to the transformation by the electric current of its salt (chloride of sodium) into hypochlorite of sodium, which is a powerful disinfectant and deodorizer. A similar process has for some years been under investigation in Europe, where the process bears the name of M. Hermite, between whom and Mr. Woolf a question as to priority of discovery has arisen. Whatever the right of this dispute, it is certain that the disinfection of Rikers Island is the most interesting application of the process on a large scale that has yet been made, if not, indeed, the most extensive work of disinfection ever undertaken by any method.

But while Mr. Woolf is entitled to great credit and to reasonable remuneration for the good work he has done at Rikers Island—whether the relief he has given the city from its embarrassing position prove permanent or only temporary—this fact should not lead to a confounding of issues as to the real problem of garbage disposal. The fact that garbage may be made inodorous by an inexpensive method has most important sanitary bearings, but it in no wise alters the sanitary maxim that land for future building sites should never be made from putrescible material, however well that material may be disinfected. Sooner or later such land must become soil for the germs of disease. To reclaim land by such a process is little less than criminal, and our authorities should be permanently enjoined against such a disposal of garbage.

As temporary expedients in New York's present dilemma, the sea-going scow and the sea-water disinfectant have their uses, but they leave the problem of permanent disposal of the city's garbage quite untouched. Some methods of better promise will be considered in another paper.

H. S. Williams.

TO A PLAGIARIST.

I see, good sir, you've stol'n my little book,
And made it all your own, by hook or crook;
And if the tale some future reader lures,
The credit or the blame will all be yours.

Well, be it so—that story was my first,
And for its weakness I have oft been cursed.
Faith! I am glad to be relieved of it.
And since you are about it, Little Wit,

I beg you come: dip further in my store,
And steal some verse I wrote in days of yore.
Then will I call you Angel, sir, in truth,
Who've freed my name from the mistakes of Youth.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.—[*Adv.*]

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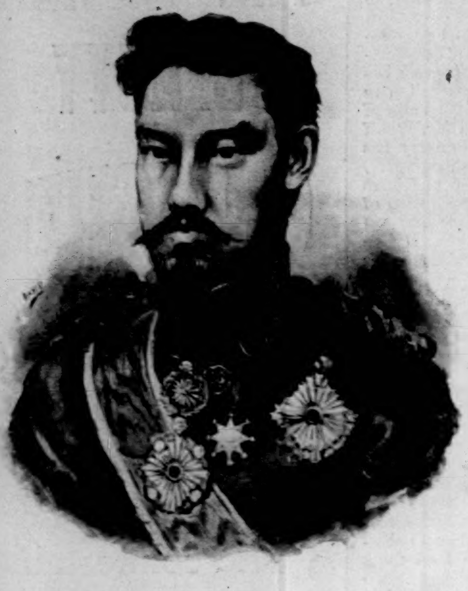
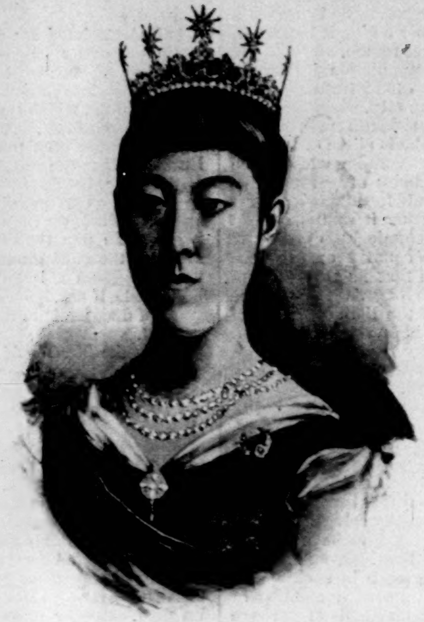
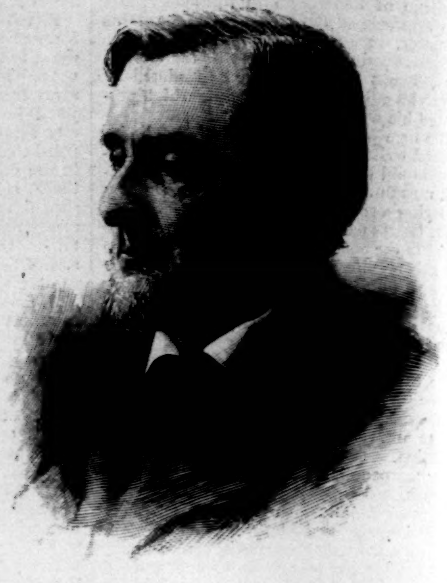


THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.—[See Page 834.]



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.—[See Page 834.]



THE LATE EUGENE LAWRENCE.—[See Page 834.]

THE "VIGILANT"-"BRITANNIA" RACES IN THE SOLENT.

FROM A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER'S POINT OF VIEW.

The first race in which *Vigilant* took part since her arrival in the Solent was a private match for a £100 cup to be provided by the losing owner, and was sailed on Saturday, August 4th. The day was just such as might have been expected from the direction of the wind, W.S.W., and about a force of 5 to 6, with the water fairly smooth throughout. In criticising the race only three points are worth remarking on, for the race was *Vigilant's* from the very commencement.

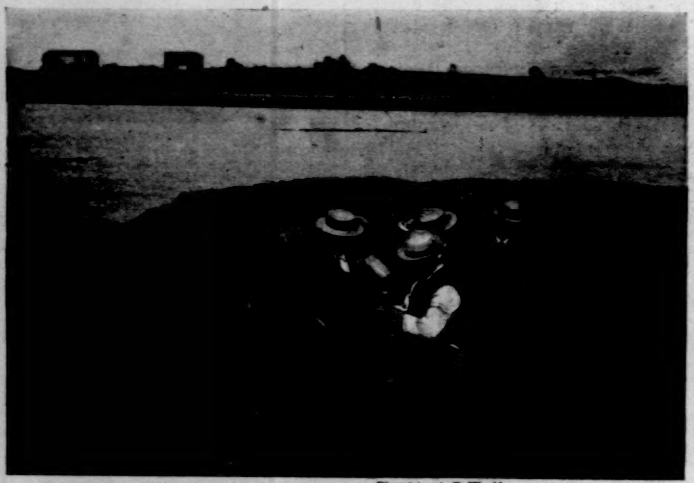
The yachts started with jib-headers aloft, and though the wind was nothing like so hard as when *Vigilant* won off Queenstown, on which occasion they both carried jack-yarders, still they made better sailing and better time with the smaller spread. These beamy vessels are not unlike their shallow-draughted sisters, and prefer to be kept as upright as possible if the best work is to be got out of them; for the more they heel over, the heavier does the drag through the water become. It is impossible not to lament the reduction made in *Vigilant's* mainsail, because her full-sized mainsail alone, with no topsail, or at most a jib or small square header, would have been all she would require for racing purposes over here, especially if she could have been lightened up a little to a shorter load water-line.

The next point is that the yacht looks very often as if she were pinched too much on a wind, and accordingly does not appear to travel through the water as she ought. This was only too apparent soon after the start, when, though the sails were just full, there was no life in her movements whatever, while *Britannia*, sailing a clean full and by, was logging knots.

The last point to be noticed is one which might have spoilt sport, as well as a fine day's racing, in that through the breaking of one of the Yacht-Racing Association rules under which the match was being sailed *Vigilant* ought to have been put out of the race. The two yachts were standing over towards Eaglehurst, which used to be the residence of that keen yachtsman Prince Bathyany, close to Calshot Castle. On nearing the land, *Vigilant* shouted for water, and on *Britannia*, which was to windward, going about, *Vigilant*, instead of at once putting her helm down and tacking too, as per Rule 22, kept on for some lengths, and so obtained a good weather berth. I feel sure that Captain Haff could not have remembered the rule at the time, otherwise such a mistake could never have been made, knowing that it would lose the yacht her race. The Prince of Wales showed his love of sport in treating the matter as an error made through ignorance of the Yacht-Racing Association rule, and because after so fine a sail he wished the better boat to have the prize. Mentioning this point, I cannot help referring to the delays that have been made in having *Vigilant* measured. No end of complications may arise through it. It seems now that it is Captain Haff who has disliked having the measurement taken, since the yacht would not even have been measured at Southampton had not Mr. Gould wired it was to be done. The complications are such as this, for instance: The prize won at Kingstown has not been handed up to Mr. Gould, and cannot be till a declaration is made as to *Vigilant's* true rating at the time of her sailing for the prize. It strikes me that a fresh measurement of her original sail plan, which she has been carrying since racing on the Clyde, must be taken, and a certificate of her rating under that sail plan sent to the secretary and committee, otherwise she very likely may lose the prize she has won. It can only have been the little extra trouble connected with the measuring that prevented this being done, but one would have thought that when in dock at Southampton nothing could be easier, and that no better time could be selected for the measurement to take place. As it was, the yacht came out of dock, and would have left Southampton, though the official measurer was present to carry out his duties, had it not been for Mr. Gould's peremptory telegram arriving just in time.

On Monday, August 6th, No. 2 Solent race was pulled off under the Royal London Yacht Club flag at Cowes. This was the first time since the Clyde disaster that *Satanita* had an opportunity of entering the lists against *Vigilant*. The wind was N.N.W., and, as is usually the case with this wind, the race was as fluky as some of the flukiest in the Clyde, and even more so, the only difference being that the flukes this time were in favor of *Vigilant;* and it is certainly about time, if flukes are going a-begging, that she should have a slice of luck, as it has been all one-sided so far.

(Continued on page 839.)

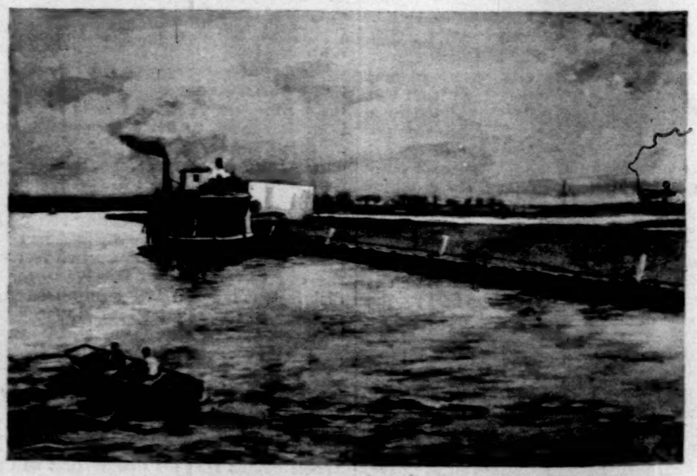


Electrician A. E. Woolf.

COLLEGE POINT HEALTH BOARD TESTING THE DEODORIZING OF GARBAGE.

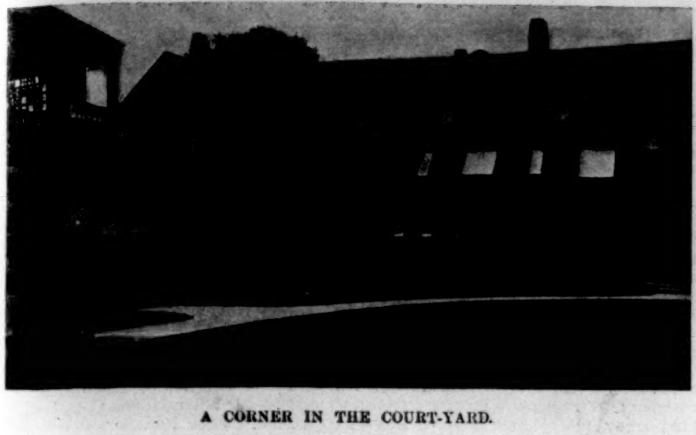
THE GARBAGE BANKS AND POCKETS AT LOW TIDE.

UNLOADING A GARBAGE-SCOW AT RIKERS ISLAND.



CRIB-WORK AND DISINFECTING PLANT, RIKERS ISLAND.

THE DEODORIZING EXPERIMENT AT RIKERS ISLAND.—[See Page 835.]



A CORNER IN THE COURT-YARD.

ENTRANCE TO THE CASINO.

AMATEVR - SPORT

IT CANNOT BE SAID that the general playing form on exhibition this week—August 21st to 28th—at Newport, in the championship singles of the National Lawn-Tennis Association, marks any improvement over that of the last five years. Indeed, it is a question if the play of those reaching, say, the third round of the tournament is as good as it was a few years ago, and when the game was being talked of as just reaching mature development. Nor has the play of the great majority that enter, rather to enjoy the privileges of the Casino Club and entrance to the grounds at reduced rates than with any serious expectations of influencing results, improved to any very noteworthy extent. There are exceptions, but few and far between, and one can easily count upon one's fingers those that have cut any figure in the Newport championships since tennis was said to have become firmly established. Not infrequently, too, the new name has owed its appearance to the withdrawal of an old one. Here and there a thoroughly good player has earned his right to distinction, but a glance at the results by rounds of the last half-dozen championship tournaments shows how small the number has been. This year, for instance, in all the entries for the championship, there is but one man, W. G. Parker, who has bettered his form so materially in the current season as to entitle him to higher class than that in which he was considered last year. Two others playing in the present tournament, Thomson and Foote, have also improved considerably over last year's form, but Parker is the only one who has improved sufficiently to go up a class.

A DECIDING SET.

THE REAR TENNIS-COURTS.

WHEN WE CONSIDER that in this national tournament of ours there are not six men, exclusive of the present champion, that really play first-class tennis, and that one of the six was beaten by an Irishman who, with three others, is ranked ninth in England, there is not a great deal for us to be proud of. There are just sixty entries in the present tournament, and at a generous calculation not more than twenty have any license whatever for entering a national championship event. So long as the National Association plays a weak obligato to the theme of the governors of the Newport Casino, who are in turn bound, by holding such office, to provide amusement for the Casino stockholders, so long, I suppose, the standard of excellence will remain practically where it now is. Quantity appears to be the consideration at present—quantity and the amusement of the Newport society contingent. If ever the Association sets itself earnestly to the task, which some are obstinate enough to believe its rightful one, that of encouraging the game and setting a standard of play for the championship, we may be able to tell a different story and enjoy every day of the tournament.

But then the present annual event cannot be taken seriously as a national affair; it is rather a tennis festival, and it must be acknowledged, so far as the actual week's programme is concerned, a well-managed and enjoyable one, with a highly colored setting. Pretty surroundings, however, will not of themselves form a basis on which to build up an event of national import, nor give that encouragement which tennis needs more than any other sport in America. It is well known that no game can flourish healthfully unless the base of supply is being continuously replenished. If the great mass of initial material is left to work out its own salvation, the chances are good that only an occasional player, more enthusiastic than the rest, will develop into form good enough to attract attention. The base of supply for any national championship ought to be as broad as the field of play, which in tennis, for instance, is exceedingly wide.

IT CANNOT BE EXPECTED, of course, that the officers of the Tennis Association should attempt to get into touch with the individuals in this expansive play-ground; but it can be expected of them that they should work, through sub-associations, for the general betterment of the game. There ought to be sectional divisions of the National Association throughout the country, divided again, if need be, into local or State associations, every one of which should hold annual championships open only to *bona fide* residents of that district, and these, again, should be followed by sectional championships and the national event at Newport, open only to winners of such contests and to the ten leading play-

THE WALKS AND FLOWER-BEDS.

THE COURT-YARD OF THE CASINO.

ers, ranked by the Association. This latter provision because it would permit men of undoubted skill to stop out of their local tournaments, if they liked. To better illustrate: there should be a New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, etc., etc., State championship, in which only those in actual residence could enter; in the sectional meeting the winners of each State would contest for district champions, and these sent to Newport for the national event. With such a plan the tennis interest in each State would be quickened, the material would be increased and be made more susceptible to refinement, and we should have at Newport a gathering of a score of champions that would furnish most interesting play. This is what the Association can do if it cares to exert itself, and what would give the game the life it requires. The Association, however, seems to prefer drifting aimlessly along, taking what comes its way, and making no effort to better the situation. The mistake is made in calling the Newport tournament national championships; it should rather be called the Newport Casino open tournament, for it arouses criticism from those that expect it to live up to the name. As it is now, the Newport tournament is very little more interesting than any other of two or three club tournaments; in fact, it is not so much so as that of the Longwood or Norwood Park, where about all the leading players were entered, and each played every other.

There is no disposition here to criticise the Newport tournament as such, but rather the indifferent attitude of the Association itself to the needs of the game, and to deplore the mediocre average of skill seen at a tournament that is supposed to reveal the best in the land.

Probably my criticism of the Association is a bit severe, for in the last year, it must be acknowledged, the executive committee has given evidence that it appreciates, at least in a measure, the needs of the hour. They have recognized State championships in several directions, and established the *Official Lawn-Tennis Bulletin*, a weekly, well conducted by J. T. Whittelsey, with the idea of keeping in touch with tennis men wherever tennis is played in this country, by reporting tournaments.

Their intentions are good enough; no one doubts that for an instant who knows the individual members of the board. My criticism is entirely on their lack of energetic—if I may so use the word—encouragement of provincial tennis, and their indifference to the import of the national tournament at Newport. It is not enough to let the tennis clubs of the various States know the Association will recognize their championship; the executive committee should co-operate with them by the establishment of subdivisions, and make it the especial business of the local official, as in the system maintained by the League of American Wheelmen, to nourish and expand whatever interest there may be to start with. This is not a simple matter, I know, and would take a couple of years to bear fruit; but now is the time to begin, for in another couple of seasons, at the present rate, the general average will be low indeed. So far as the National championship tournament is concerned, there is no reason why the Association cannot better that at once, next year, by improving the system of drawing in vogue at present, and by establishing a standard of excellence, cutting down the number of entries to at least one-half.

Present methods permit of an unwieldy lot, which is certainly handled remarkably well by Dr. Dwight and Mr. Whittelsey, and oftentimes with unsatisfactory results. No year more than this has illustrated the desirability of a different and better system of drawing, for last week in the third round of the championships there were left in Thomson, Reed, and Sands, while V. G. Hall, John Howland, and Neel had been disposed of. A system that permits of such a second-class player as Reed reaching the semi-finals of the National championship is certainly defective. F. H. Hovey has proposed one to replace it that would be a considerable improvement, and is surely worthy a trial. His idea is that the best eight players be distributed equally among the remaining entries; *i. e.*, divide the gross number of entries into eights, and with every name drawn of one of this chosen best eight men draw at random seven of the others—thus when the third round was reached we should have men of equal class pitted against one another. It reads as if it would work well, and at worst the result could not be more unsatisfactory than under the present arrangement.

The Association committee showed good judgment in placing the championship in doubles on the first day at Newport. The first day must always be one of slight interest in the weeding out process incidental to the preliminaries, and hitherto the doubles championship has been held at the end, either as an anticlimax or on a day when all interest was centred in the more exciting singles.

The Narragansett Pier doubles tournament the week preceding Newport to decide on the Eastern pair, and finally which two, as between the East and West, should meet the national champions, Hobart and Hovey, was not a very interesting affair up to the contest between the Neel brothers, as Western champions, and Foote and Howland, as winners of the Eastern honor. The entries included, among others, Goodbody and Hall, Budlong and Ware, Stevens and Post, Wrenn and Chace, Parker and Fischer, and Foote and Howland; no very great double form was expected where, in most instances, the men had practised very little together. Something was expected of Budlong and Ware, and Chace and Wrenn, and Howland and Foote, particularly of the last pair, who hold the Yale championship, and had practised more together than any other couple. The latter justified expectation in the Eastern tournament, defeating both Budlong and Ware, and in the final round Wrenn and Chace. Moreover, Howland quite won the honors of the week by defeating Goodbody in the singles tournament that was held on the same courts, 4–6, 6–3, 6–4, 6–2; he showed the best form of the year, and played a hard and oftentimes brilliant net game.

It was no surprise to those who had seen the Neel brothers play that they should defeat Foote and Howland, 7–5, 7–5, 3–6, 6–4. They are stronger in all-round play than the Yale men, and although neither has the brilliancy displayed at times by Howland, yet Carr Neel plays a much steadier and harder game to beat. Their play was somewhat of a revelation to the Eastern spectators that had been led to believe it to be the slow old-fashioned back-court sort. They did play a great deal from the back lines, and strongly, but every opportunity for running to the net was taken advantage of, and both were clever in the rallies, that were quite a feature of the match; in volleying both were good, but C. B. was particularly clever.

After their display at Narragansett Pier it was the general impression that they would make a stubborn fight for the National championship, but the contest was quite the contrary. The fact that they were engaged in an important match was very apparent, and at no time did they display the confidence shown against Foote and Howland. Carr Neel did by far the better work of the Western pair, and clung to the net as much as possible, but Hobart and Hovey had no particular difficulty in winning from them in straight sets, Hobart doing the better work.

The only match of the first round in the singles championship tournament at all interesting was that between John Howland and W. G. Parker, and it furnished both interest and a surprise. Having just come from the Pier, and with the victory over Goodbody but a few days old, it was rather thought Howland had regained the form he has been seeking all the past season, and would not only defeat Parker, but work his way well toward the last rounds. Consistent form, however, and tennis-players do not appear to assimilate. Wrenn and Stevens appear to be about the only two of the leading American players who may be depended upon to play their game nine times out of ten. Goodbody, the Irish player, has given in the past week a practical illustration of the value of steadiness. Howland started off with double faults, a bad omen that clung to him to the end; he clearly was not playing his game; but that does not detract from Parker's work, who played with excellent judgment throughout. He knew his success rested in keeping Howland away from the net, and he did so effectually by timely and accurate lobs. At times Howland braced up, and getting to the net, showed something of the skill he displayed when Goodbody could not drive him from it. At such times he placed with accuracy down the side lines, and passed Parker at will; but he could not hold the pace, and finally lost to a score, 6–4, 6–3, 6–3, that is far below his strength at the game. The uncertainty of tennis was again illustrated the following day in the second round, and this time Parker was the victim. Having beaten Howland, like the Yale man fresh from his Narragansett triumphs, he felt confident of beating Thomson, whom he was to meet. Parker's confidence cost him dearly, for before he had lost it his opponent had won a set, and was making him play his hardest. Parker somewhat regained his form in the following two sets, and won them, though by no means as handily as the score indicates. Thomson continued playing really good tennis, making some exceedingly good returns, driving to the ends of the court with fatal frequency, and finally winning, 8–6, 4–6, 4–6, 6–4, 6–3. It is doubtful whether at his best Thomson could defeat Parker, though he is likely to have another opportunity before the tournament is at an end, in the Inter-scholastic championship, but he certainly played very good tennis on this occasion. Last year he showed a promising game, working his way to the Inter-scholastic finals, where he was defeated by Budlong.

The great match of the second round, however, was that between Hovey and Goodbody, which ended in the defeat of the former, 2–6, 6–4, 6–1, 4–6, 6–2. It was the first meeting between the two, and while every one knew that Hovey at his best was the more likely winner, no one was surprised that his erratic play should result in his falling a victim to the steady, always good, and sure game of Goodbody. Little in tennis surprises us nowadays; three of our cleverest players—Hovey, Hobart, and Larned—are so given to keeping us guessing that they have long lost the power to astonish us. This particular match might be dismissed with a very few words; briefly, Hovey played some of his prettiest and some of his worst tennis, the score being a very good index of how good and how poor it was, on Hovey's part, by turns. Goodbody played a strong game from first to last; whether Hovey played brilliantly or poorly, whether he was ahead or behind, it made not the slightest difference in the Irishman's game. It never varied. It is somewhat difficult to particularize Goodbody's better points. To say that he plays a strong all-round even game expresses it precisely; no player knows the limits of the court better than he, and his lobbing is accurate and well-timed; he never smashes, and rarely puts any especial pace on the ball. He is a getter of such extraordinary skill that Percy Knapp's well-remembered ability in that direction is almost eclipsed; he not only gets the ball when nine out of every ten players would have let it go as impossible, but he places it. Probably the two strongest features of his play is his wonderful backhand stroke, which he succeeds in making under astonishing conditions, and his recovery when, during a hot volley, he has made a sensational return. This latter feature won him many points against Hovey, where he was called on during the latter's brilliant streaks to try for some very difficult balls. He might be spread-eagled over one side the court, and yet if Hovey returned he was pretty apt to be ready to receive and place it. Goodbody plays more with his head than any player we have to-day outside of Wrenn, and if he were capable of the brilliant tennis of any one of our four leading players—Wrenn, Larned, Hobart, or Hovey—he would be a marvel; as it is, his game, although not so smart as that of any one of these four, is filled with good strokes, executed awkwardly, but effectively. He keeps his feet on the ground, his head on his shoulders, and plays tennis from the call of time. If it is true that he is ninth only on the first ten of English players, the other eight must be wondrous performers.

Hovey opened the match with an exhibition of the skill he is capable of at odd moments, and put such speed in his service and cleverness in his drives that Goodbody could get only two games in the set. But the second set told a different story, and was very curious, insomuch as four of the ten were love games, each getting two. Strangely enough, Hovey, after playing at the net, where he belongs, in the first part of this set, and with good results, retired to the back of the court, where he is not strong, and remained there the remainder of that set, in which he got but four games; and all the third set, in which he secured only one game. Deuce games were very frequent, and more often than not the result of Goodbody pulling up from love or fifteen. Several times Hovey had the Irishman 40–15, when the latter would pull up even. This has been a characteristic of Goodbody's play throughout the tournament; he never gives up, and pulls out many points thereby. On the fourth set Hovey played the best tennis he has shown this season in tournaments, and kept the spectators constantly applauding his brilliant plays, but in the fifth and deciding set he lapsed into the old, familiar, erratic way, and Goodbody played around him, despite many of the games being deuce and vantage. Goodbody gave evidence of how he uses his head, in this match, by continually placing on Hovey's backhand, in which the latter is weak; indeed, Hovey's side stroke off the backhand is quite as apt to go into the net as over it, a little more so, in fact. He seems not to consider placing the ball in his anxiety to hit and get it away from him. Judged by his Newport play, Hovey's game has fallen below what he has shown in public for two years. It is not nearly so severe as last year. He has dropped the smash for which he became famous, and which more than any other of his strokes led him up the front ranks, and seems to have been attempting back-court play, where he is by no means strong. It was rather a curious situation, in the Hovey-Goodbody match, to see the latter at the net, while the former remained back in the court. When he did go to the net his play was bettered immeasurably, and it is hard to understand why he did not stick to his old game. The superior cleverness of Hovey's strokes, and their greater effectiveness, when in his brilliant streaks, over Goodbody's, were apparent to even the most unlearned spectator on Thursday, but they were not maintained, and the match went to Goodbody, whose steady play and thoroughly good tennis well deserved the reward. It reminded one somewhat of childhood's story of the race between the tortoise and the hare. Points won: Set 1—Hovey, 30; Goodbody, 18. Set 2—Hovey, 30; Goodbody, 34. Set 3—Hovey, 16; Goodbody, 27. Set 4—Hovey, 43; Goodbody, 35. Set 5—Hovey, 21; Goodbody, 33. Total—Goodbody, 147; Hovey, 140.

There came very near being another downfall of greatness on the same day—when Larned met C. B. Neel, the Western singles champion. That Larned would win in straight sets was accepted without a doubt, and when he started off at a brilliant pace and took the first set handily, every one went to luncheon—satisfied in the eventual outcome. When they returned from luncheon—just to get the score—they found Larned and Neel just beginning the fifth set, with the score two all. Larned had not—nor did he in the final set—played at his best. Nevertheless, Neel developed a very strong game at the net, and it seemed almost impossible to get past him. Larned stuck to his hard driving, foolishly, it seemed, when Neel could have been the better dislodged by lobbing. The Westerner's tennis is not graceful, nor does he seem to have any very effective strokes, but his game is a hard one, and his volleying strong; he takes his position at the net, and nothing short of lobbing appears equal to shaking him from it. He made a stubborn contest for every game of the last set, and the situation at times was harrowing enough to make the blood of Larned's friends run cold. The latter finally won—score, 6–3, 2–6, 6–3, 3–6, 6–4—but the margin was too close for a man who is capable of the most brilliant game in America against one that is only just coming into first class.

The Goodbody-Hobart match, won by the former, 6–2, 6–2, 2–6, 3–6, 8–6, furnished the most vivid illustration the tournament has given of how necessary to success is steadiness at critical moments. Brilliancy is an effective aid to winning, but coupled with unsteadiness is not to be depended on in the long-run; nor is this truism applicable to lawn-tennis only—it is a *sine qua non* of success in every game, including the game of life, and without it we see victory, more often than not, go to our less brilliant but more certain opponent, as did Hobart last Friday.

The reading of the score gives a correct indication of the work of the two men. When Hobart played in his best form he was invincible, and when he was unsteady he was very much so. Hobart began the match by returning into the net and driving out of the court with such frequency that Goodbody had to place the ball but four times to win the first set, his opponent giving him the remainder of the points; the second set was a repetition of the first. In fact, although Goodbody played good tennis all the time, handling Hobart's drives with rare skill, nevertheless he won the first two sets chiefly on his opponent's returns out of court and into the net. At the close of the second it looked very much as though Goodbody would win the match in three straight, but with the beginning of the third Hobart set out at a pace that virtually left the Irishman standing, so to speak, and began one of the pluckiest uphill fights we have ever seen. His game was a revelation to those who were seeing him for the first time, and to those who knew of what brilliant tennis he is capable it was a reminder of two years ago. His cross-cut drives and side-line placing with his well-known semi-Lawford stroke were beautiful; if he did not drive the ball from the back court, he ran to the net, where he killed it. Goodbody meanwhile was giving a masterful exhibition of steadiness under this brilliant attack. He returned balls that few players that have been seen at Newport could have got, and several that would not even have been tried for. He used his head to good advantage, driving constantly at Hobart's back-hand, and keeping him away from the net as much as possible by lobbing. But Hobart was in irresistible form, winning one game when Goodbody had him 40–0, and two others when the score was 40–15 against him. It was an enthusiastic assemblage when Hobart tied the score and made it two sets all; it looked at that time as if at least one of our four leading players was going to play the tournament out in his true form.

It continued to look so at the opening of the fifth set. Hobart opened at the same pace he had maintained for two sets, and held it until he had Goodbody 5–2; and then, when the score was 40–15 in his favor, and but a single point needed to win him the match, he returned three times into the net, and Goodbody won the game. The succeeding games were closely contested, and most of them deuce and vantage, but Goodbody continued to win on good play and Hobart's poor returns, until he had the score 6–5, and was within one point of the match twice, but Hobart delayed the verdict by making score 6 all. Goodbody was not to be denied, however, and won the next two and the final point of the last game on Hobart's drive into the net. Thus Hobart ended ingloriously a match in which he had shown some of the finest tennis ever seen at Newport. His game and strokes are much better tennis and much smarter than the Irishman's, but his unsteadiness was his undoing, as it was Hovey's, and as we hope it will not be Larned's when he meets Goodbody in the finals.

Points: Set 1—Goodbody 34; Hobart, 24. Set 2—G., 29; H., 20. Set 3—G., 23; H., 31. Set 4—G., 30; H., 39. Set 5—G., 52; H., 46.

Larned, who had won from Stevens the day before, though Stevens played his usual hard game and took a set, met Chace Saturday morning, and won in straight sets, 6–4, 6–2, 8–6, somewhat to general surprise. His victory was expected, but hardly at that pace. Chace did not play at his best in the first two sets, his failing being chiefly in lobbing, but in the third his game was strong, not only lobbing, but running to the net and staying there. Larned, however, was in brilliant form, and if he can maintain it for his match with Goodbody, August 27th (while we are on the press), he will win. My confidence in Wrenn successfully defending his title is unshaken.

Parker righted himself before the tennis world by easily beating Thomson, 6–1, 6–2, 6–2, by whom he was defeated in the second round, and winning the Inter-scholastic championship. Goodbody as handily won from Read—3–6, 6–0, 6–0, 6–1.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"PRACTICAL LAWN-TENNIS."—By James Dwight, M.D.—Illustrated.—16mo, Cloth, Price $1 25.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

THE "VIGILANT"-"BRITANNIA" RACES IN THE SOLENT.

(Continued from page 836.)

The race was around the Isle of Wight, about fifty-five miles in distance, with the start to the eastward, and therefore a reach to the Bembridge Ledge buoy. It was during this and just before coming to Ryde that *Vigilant* accomplished a very smart piece of jockeyship. She wanted to weather *Britannia*, but the latter luffed her, till *Vigilant*, finding she was unable to get the weather-gauge of her, suddenly up with her helm and shot clean away from her through her lee. The Bembridge Ledge buoy was passed by the three yachts, *Satanita* leading, within ten seconds between first and last. The race was slow but exciting, owing to the shyness of the wind. The first fluke was to the common advantage of both *Vigilant* and *Britannia*, for a fine puff came when off Sandown Bay, and took the two gayly away, leaving *Satanita* in the lurch.

After leaving Ventnor the race lost its interest, but it will always be remembered for the old opponents taking soundings with their keels off Woody Point, half-way between Ventnor and St. Catherine's Point. It is a great many years now, if I remember right, since a yacht touched bottom on the south side of the island in a race, but it shows how thoroughly Captains Haff and Carter were determined not to give themselves away, or sail one inch further than was necessary. It recalled the sail from Ascog to Mount Stewart in the Clyde, and the daring close hug that was made of the shore by both men when playing for the weather-berth. *Vigilant* was just able to pass to windward of *Britannia* during the short time the latter was stuck, but she gave the ground a kick as she did it. It was boldly and cleverly done. *Britannia* was also unfortunate just after leaving St. Catherine's Point in again touching the stones off Rocken Point. She was sailing close in, and trying to clear her wind of *Satanita*. She looked every bit at first as if she were going to stand on her tail, she ran up so high on the rock, but she managed to slip off again, and fortunately, as it turned out, only injured two or three sheets of copper, and indented her metal steadier. Of course *Vigilant* made tracks while this was going on, though, owing to calms, she gained little or nothing by it in the end, as *Britannia* almost picked her up at the Needles. The race, however, finished up by an exhibition of speed on *Vigilant's* part, and those who were fortunate enough to be witnesses of her sailing from the Needles to Cowes were fairly amazed that in so short a distance she could leave *Britannia* more than eight minutes astern. *Vigilant* won by about six minutes.

GEORGE LEIGH BLAKE.

THE END OF THE DROUGHT.

LAST night we marked the twinkling stars,
  This morn no dew revived the grass,
And oft across the parching fields
  We see the dusty eddies pass;
The eager hawk forgets to swing
  And scream across the burning sky,
And from the oak's slow-dying crest
  Sends forth a strange and plaintive cry.

The geese on unaccustomed wings
  Flap wildly in ungainly flight,
The peacock's fierce defiant scream
  Scatters the fowls in wild affright,
The crows are barking in the woods,
  The maple leaves their silver show,
The cattle sniff the coming storm,
  Then toss their heads and softly low.

And now along the hazy west
  The swiftly building clouds uprear;
High overhead the winds are loud,
  The thunder rolls and grumbles near;
The housewife trims the leaky eaves,
  The farmer frets of lodging grain,
Till all the world, rejoicing, drinks
  The long-denied, long-prayed-for rain.

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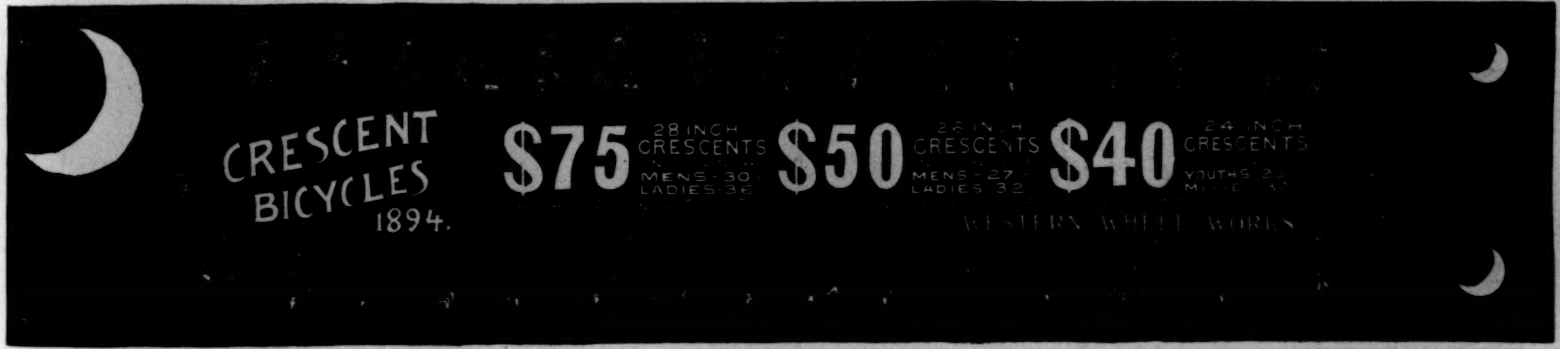

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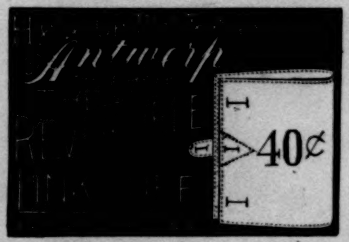

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